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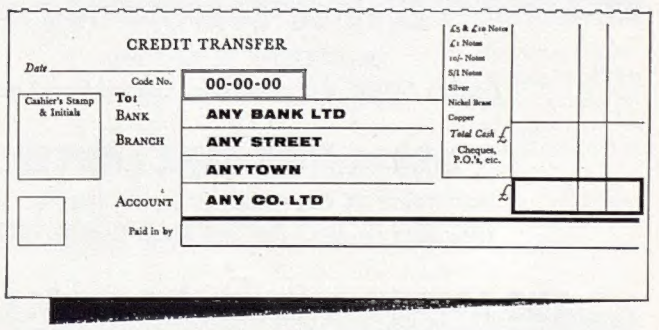

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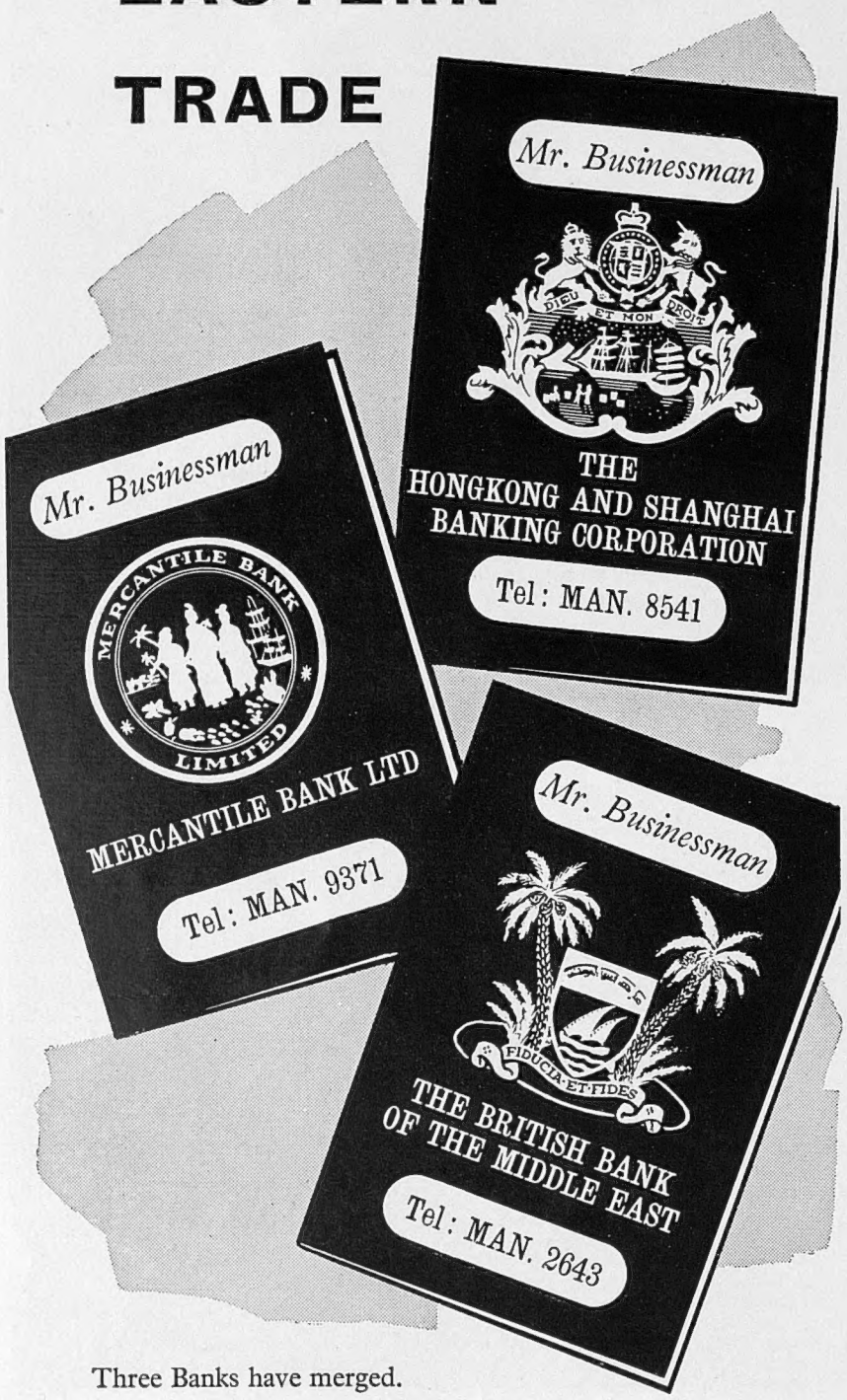

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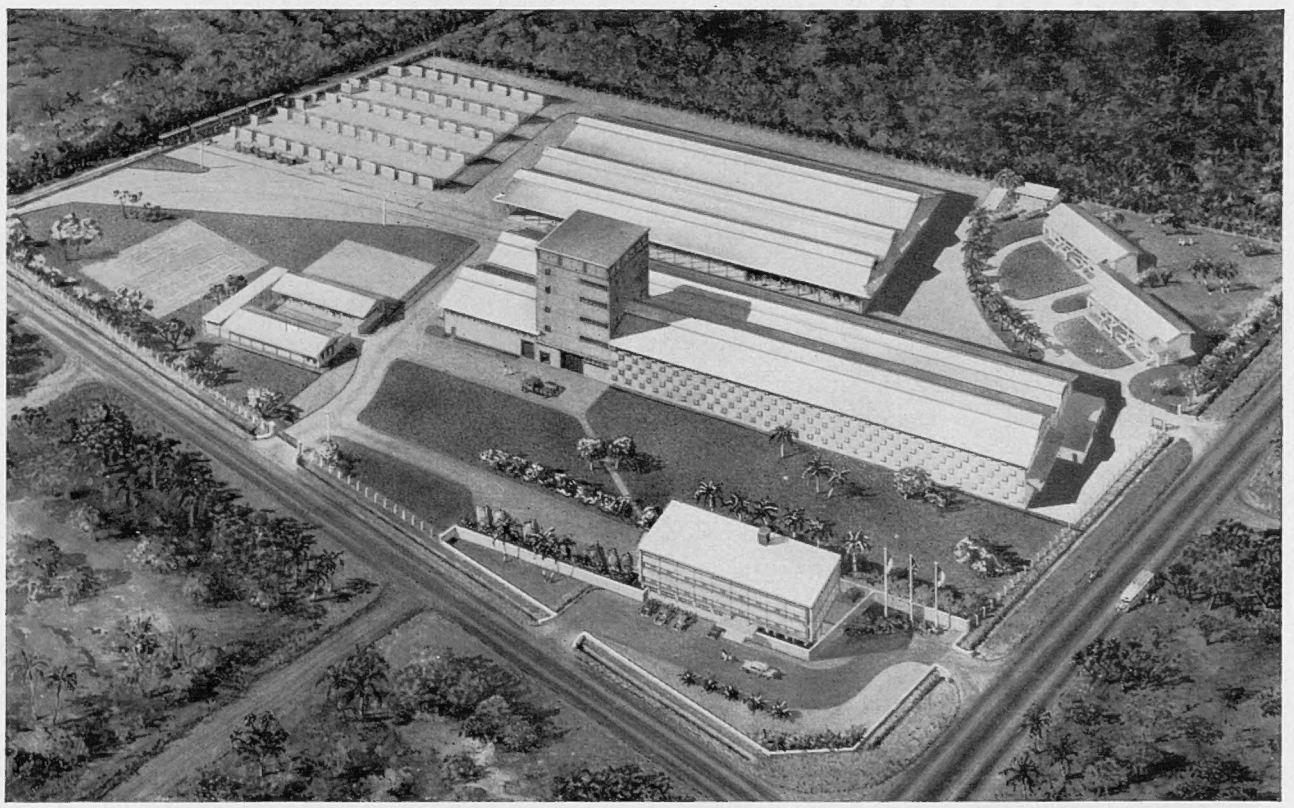

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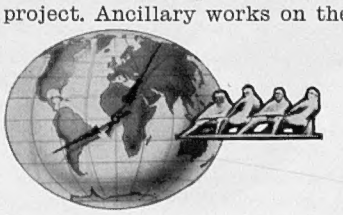

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Volume CCLII No. 3277 LONDON, March 23, 1963

THE SPHERE

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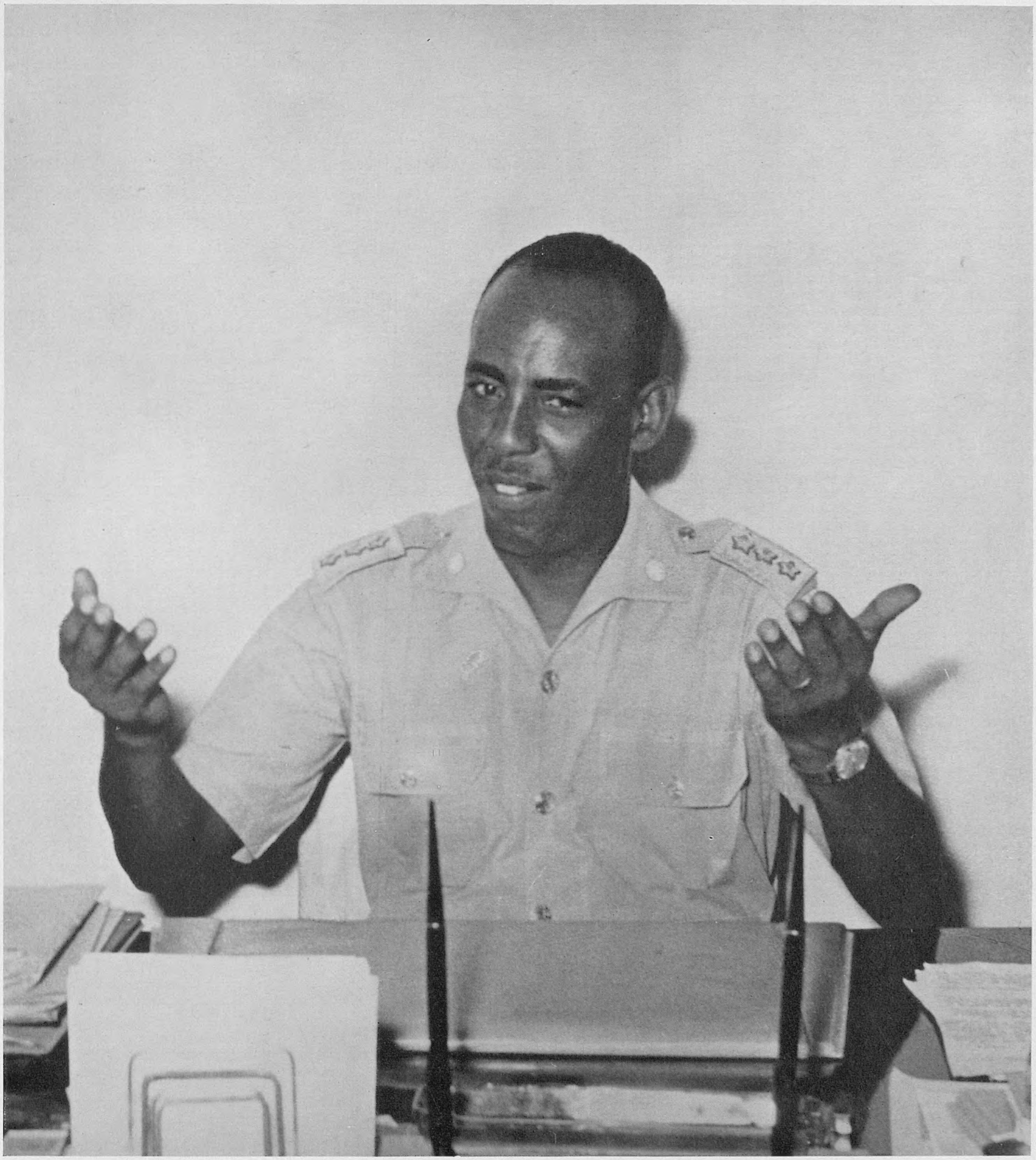

KENYA FRONTIER DISPUTE

General Abdullah Treesh, Commander-in-Chief of the Somali armed forces, gestures as he talks in Mogadishu, the capital of Somalia. A recruiting drive was started throughout the country last week as tension continued to mount in the dispute over the Northern Frontier District of Kenya. By a large majority the Somali Parliament backed its Government's decision to break off diplomatic relations with Britain. On the same day in Nairobi, Mr. Jomo Kenyatta, the leader of the Kenya African National Union, declared in a television broadcast that Kenya " will not entertain any secession or handing over an inch of our country " to Somalia or any other state. The Somalis claim that the people of the N.F.D., who are largely of Somali stock, should be allowed to secede from Kenya to Somalia. On his recent visit to Kenya, Mr. Sandys refused to grant the right to secede but said that under the regional plans for Kenya, the N.F.D. would become a seventh province with considerable local autonomy. The frontiers of Kenya with what is now Somalia were defined by promulgation in 1914 and by an Anglo-Italian agreement in 1952

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NEWS SUMMARY

Towards the NATO multinational deterrent; major decisions ahead for Britain's Government; labour deadlock in France; Mr. Wilson to see President Kennedy

INTERNATIONAL

The British plan for a multinational NATO nuclear force was to be discussed at the NATO meeting in **Paris** this week. The proposal envisages the allotment of Polaris submarines and V-bombers to certain NATO members. Although France has refused to have a part in the force, Mr. Livingston Merchant, President Kennedy's chief negotiator for the multinational project, declared on his return to **New York** from Western Europe last Sunday that the plan could go forward without the French.

Mr. Chervonenko, the Soviet Ambassador, was reported on Sunday to have left **Pekin** for **Moscow.** There was great speculation as to whether his journey was concerned with new moves to patch up the Sino-Russian ideological dispute. General opinion among Communists in Western Europe was that the recent Chinese invitation to Mr. Khrushchev to visit Pekin for ideological talks was far too arrogant in its tone for him to be able to accept it.

GREAT BRITAIN

A new round of by-elections started on Thursday, with the four-cornered contest at **Colne Valley,** to be followed on March 28 by **Rotherham.** The by-elections were being watched with keen interest: it was taken that Colne Valley would provide a good indication to present party fortunes, especially in the context of the latest public opinion polls. These showed that Labour had substantially increased its margin of superiority over the Conservatives, while the Liberals were doing no more than holding their own.

In addition, the Government is entering a period of having to make major policy decisions. On the question of teachers' pay, Sir Edward Boyle remained firm in his decision to overrule the Burnham Committee on the distribution of the teachers' pay award. His decision was vehemently opposed by the National Union of Teachers, who planned a mass lobby of Parliament on March 27, having altered the date to avoid a clash with the lobby of Westminster by unemployed on March 26.

The cost of education became linked with the storm over increased rates. Seventy-six Conservative back-benchers tabled a motion arguing that the quickest practicable way of easing the ratepayers' burden would be for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to announce in his Budget that the Government would assume an even larger share of the cost of education.

Next week, on Wednesday, March 27, Dr. Beeching's long-awaited plan for reshaping British Railways is to be published. It will be the largest piece of rethinking on the role of the railways ever undertaken in Britain. According to outside experts in London, the plans will include the disappearance of perhaps half of rail mileage in Britain; a massive reorganisation of freight carrying; and a run down of personnel. Dr. Beeching's aim is to have British Railways running at a profit in 1970.

A major British industry which has already gone through the agonies of reorganisation is the aircraft industry. Last weekend, at **Chequers,** Mr. Amery, the Minister of Aviation, held a top-level conference with leaders of the industry, the State airlines and the Armed Services. The meeting was held to review the progress of rationalisation, at a time when most of the major contracts of the next few years have now been placed. It was understood that the key issues included: (1) possible commitments in space; (2) industry complaints that rising costs were partly the fault of the Services for constantly changing requirements; and (3) the position of the two major manufacturers—Bristol Siddeley and Rolls-Royce—now that major VTOL contracts have been let.

FRANCE

From **Paris** at the beginning of this week came reports that there may be a General Strike in the public sector in France if the negotiations between the Government and the coalminers—already suspended once—were not brought to a swift conclusion. Last week 2,000 miners from Lorraine demonstrated in Paris in support of their claim for an 11 per cent. pay rise. The French Government appointed a committee of " three wise men " under M. Massé, Commissioner General for Planning, to compare recent rises in wages in the public and private sectors. President de Gaulle's dilemma appeared to be that if he gave in to the miners he would be under strong pressure to allow comparable wage increases in other industries, ranging from the railways to gas and electricity and the Post Office, at a time when the French economy faces a serious threat of inflation. If he did not give in to the miners, he faced a threat of concerted action in sympathy with the miners by other nationalised industries.

UNITED STATES

In **New York,** last Sunday, hopes receded that there would be a quick settlement of the New York newspaper strike, when members of the Typographical Union Local Six rejected the contract terms proposed by the Mayor of New York, Mr. Wagner, and agreed to by the union leaders.

Mr. Harold Wilson, leader of the Opposition, is to go to **Washington** for talks with President Kennedy and members of his administration between March 29 and April 3. Mr. Wilson will return to London in time for the Budget debate.

LATIN AMERICA

This week President Kennedy flew to **San José,** the capital of Costa Rica, for three days of talks with six Latin American Presidents—Col. Rivera, of El Salvador; General Fuentes, of Guatemala; Dr. Morales, of Honduras; Senor Debayle, of Nicaragua—with Dr. Schick, the President-elect; Senor Chiari, of Panama; and the host, President Orlich, of Costa Rica. It appeared that the main purpose of the talks would be further aid to the countries from the U.S., reviewed in the light of the development of the Central American Common Market. But Cuba and Communist infiltration in Central America would also be to the fore.

AFRICA

During the weekend the Somali Government was reported in **Mogadishu** to be drafting the note to Britain formally rupturing diplomatic relations. Britons in Somalia were preparing for evacuation to **Nairobi** or **Aden.** Tribal riots continued in Kenya's Northern Frontier District. Five people were reported killed after clashes between rival Somali factions there. Somali secessionists attacked the District Commissioner and other British officers in **Marsabit.**

Fans drop coins into a tricolour as they arrive for a football match in Paris, held as a fund-raiser for French miners

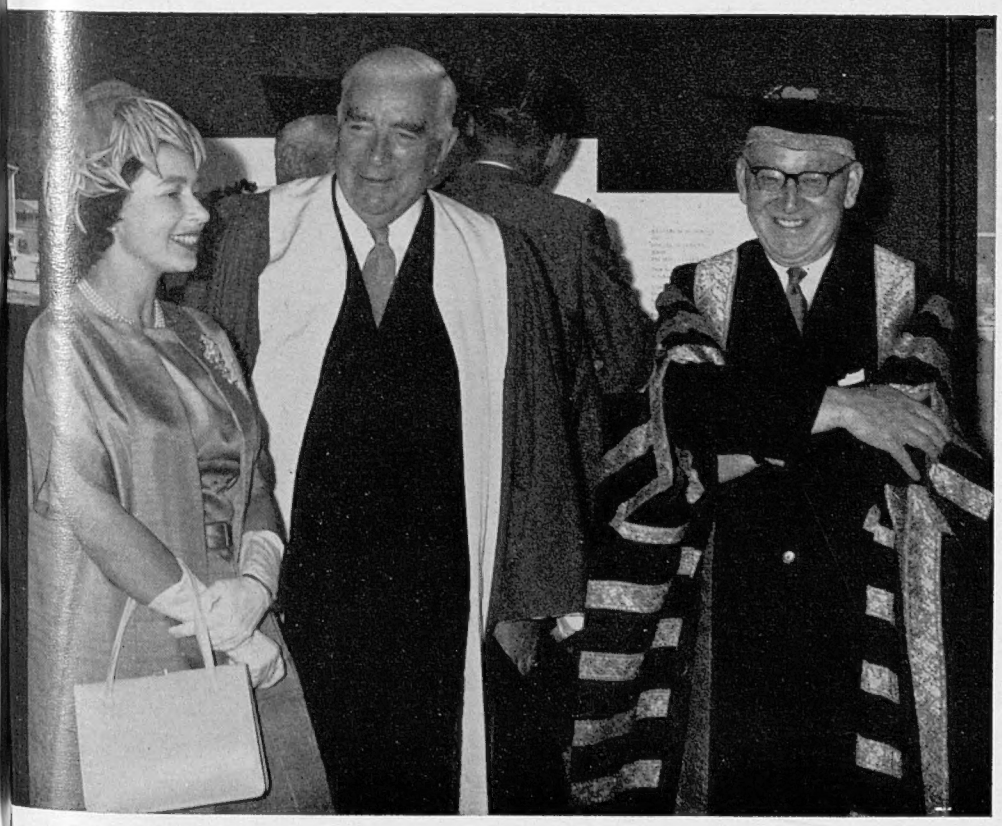
THE QUEEN AT THE CANBERRA JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Her Majesty talks to a group of older inhabitants, some of whom were present at the inauguration of the Australian capital in 1913. In the 50 years since, Canberra has grown to become a city of 70,000 people. From the Jubilee celebrations of the city, the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh journeyed across the continent from south east to north west, making various stops on their way. Last weekend they were in Darwin. This week they are visiting Western Australia

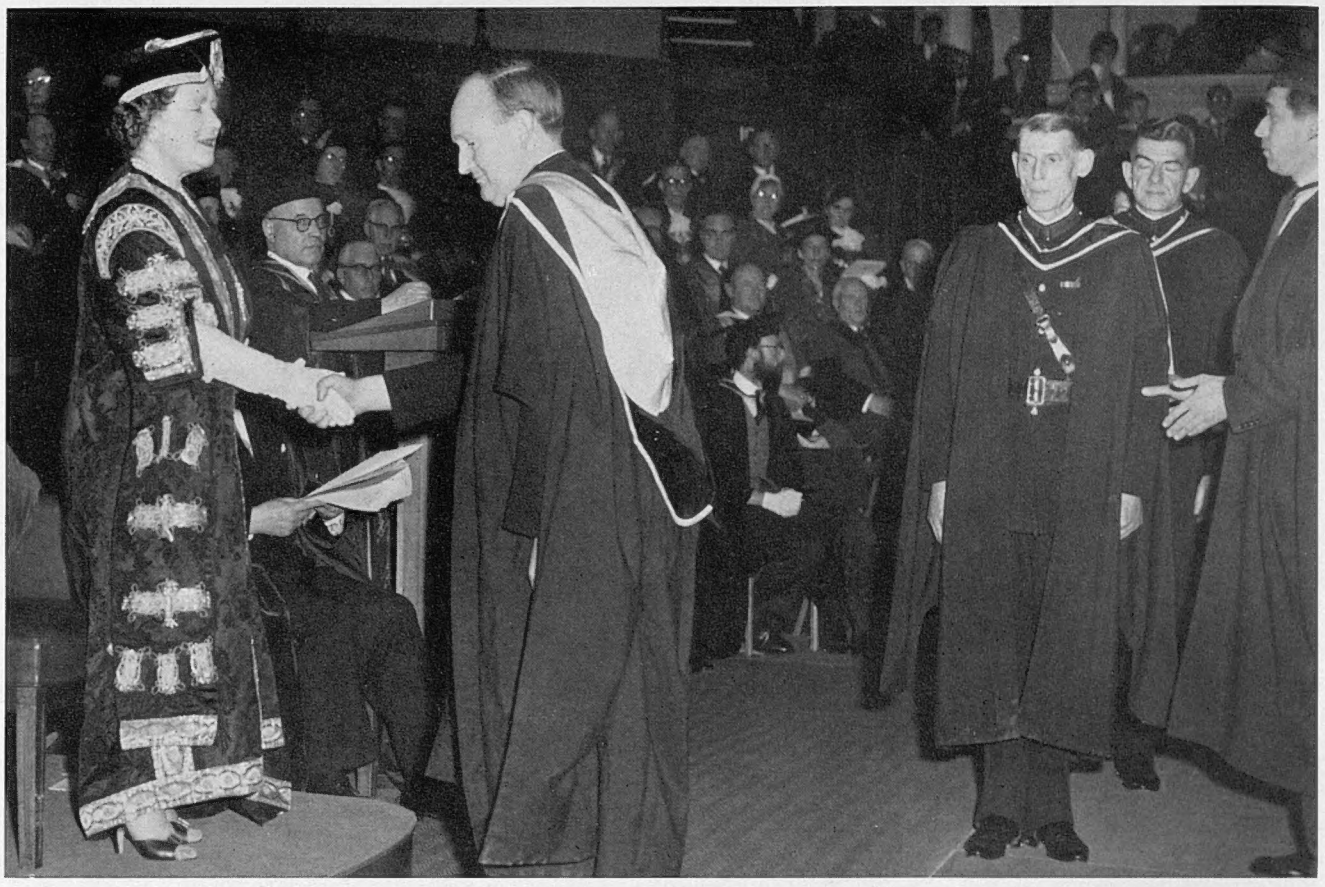
Below left: The Queen is with Sir Robert Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister, and Sir John Cockroft, Chancellor of the Australian National University in Canberra. The Queen had just opened the R. G. Menzies Library at the university. Sir Robert wears the gown of an honorary Doctor of Laws of Melbourne University. The new library building is already known as the "Menziean" (*see also Voice of Commonwealth*)

Below: Princess Margaret boards Britain's latest guided missile destroyer, *Hampshire*, accompanied by the ship's captain, Capt. R. White. With Lord Snowdon, Princess Margaret attended the commissioning of the £12,500,000 ship last week at John Brown's shipyard, Clydebank. She had named the ship two years previously. The *Hampshire* joins her sister ship H.M.S. *Devonshire* in the Royal Navy. Both are fitted with Seaslug and Seacat guided missiles and have combined steam and gas turbine propulsion machinery. It is claimed these destroyers have the firepower and range of a conventional cruiser



WITH SIR ROBERT MENZIES AND SIR JOHN COCKROFT IN THE CAPITAL

PRINCESS MARGARET ON BOARD BRITAIN'S LATEST DESTROYER



THE QUEEN MOTHER CONFERS A SPECIAL DEGREE ON AN ARMY DOCTOR

As Chancellor of the University of London, the Queen Mother presides at the Degree Day ceremony of the University at the Albert Hall in London. She is conferring the degree of M.Sc. on Major D. Kelleher of the Royal Army Medical Corps. He was one of six R.A.M.C. doctors who qualified for this degree while carrying out their duties as army doctors. After the ceremony last week, the Queen Mother attended the Presentation Day Service in St. Paul's

THE NATIONAL HUNT MEETING AT CHELTENHAM—HORSE RACING PICKS UP AFTER THE LONG HOLD-UP

Below right: The big field passes the stands as they take the second fence in the National Hunt Steeplechase on the opening day of the meeting at Cheltenham. Going was soft for the meeting last week. The Cheltenham Gold Cup was won by Mill House, with Fortria second, 12 lengths behind. Thus this outstanding six-year-old became one of the easiest winners of the Gold Cup since the war

BREAKTHROUGH FOR HOVERCRAFT?

Below: A Britten-Norman "Cushioncraft" CC2 vehicle skims across the sea during a demonstration run off Bembridge in the Isle of Wight. It was announced last week that a Jersey company called Seairglide had bought a CC2 and had taken out an option on a further number of these craft. Britten-Norman claimed that this represented the first strictly commercial sale of an air-cushion vehicle, although others have been sold to the Army and the Air Ministry. As such the sale represents a breakthrough for these remarkable craft. Seairglide initially plan to use the CC2 for pleasure trips. It carries 12 passengers at up to 40 m.p.h.

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THE NEWS IN PICTURES

The President of the United Arab Republic greets the ruler of Ethiopia at the airport in Cairo. The latter was on his way to Switzerland, and was reported to have had a private talk with President Nasser before flying on. It was presumed the subjects discussed would have included the Somalia-Kenya dispute—Somalia also has territorial claims on Ethiopia—and the proposed union of the UAR, Syria and Iraq. Representatives of the three countries held meetings in Cairo at the end of last week at which it was believed the general principle of a union was agreed but agreement was not reached on the actual form it should take. A statement after the meetings said they would be resumed within a few days, when it was intended discussions should reach " the result demanded by the Arab peoples " (see also John Connell on following page)

A MEETING BETWEEN EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE AND PRESIDENT NASSER

INAUGURATING A NEW DAM IN IRAN▲

Below: The Shah of Iran shields his eyes from the sun as details are pointed out to him of the new Mohammed Reza Shah Pahlevi dam at Dez in the south-west of the country. He had just inaugurated the project, which is one of many scheduled under Iranian development plans for harnessing water for power and for irrigating agricultural land

JOHN CONNELL

NASSER ON THE UP-AND-UP

President Nasser has made a series of bold and effective moves to recover that pre-eminence in the Arab world from which he seemed, a year or two ago, in some danger of being removed. His re-establishment as the leading Arabic-speaking politician is not, in my view, a healthy or an encouraging phenomenon. But he has now added staying capacity to his other undoubted qualities of agility and adroitness; the combination makes him a formidable opponent; and it is as an opponent that—quite frankly—the British Government must, one day or another, learn to regard him. He is no friend of ours; and over the years he has held power he has piled defeat and humiliation upon us, as he has never been able to do with his nearer, sturdier enemy, the State of Israel. He is watchful and cunning; he has learned to bide his time and he is implacable.

The return of Syria to the Nasserite fold, following so rapidly on the heels of the bloodthirsty pro-Nasser coup d'état in Iraq (the numbers of those executed are now becoming known, and they make grim reading), is a considerable triumph. It was by no means unexpected. At the moment it is the conventional diplomatic pose to pretend that both revolutions were entirely internal affairs, unprompted and unprepared by Nasser's agents, and to express bland, mildly shocked surprise that anybody (except, of course, Zionist, neo-imperialist spies and gangsters) should ever hint that Egypt was involved in any way. This is a pose which I have no intention of adopting; and the more nervously insistent the Foreign Office and the U.S. State Department become, in their

Syrians hold up a photograph of President Nasser after the coup in Damascus

efforts to appease the United Arab Republic, the deeper and the more tenacious become my own suspicions.

Egyptian money was being lavishly spent in Bagdad by returned Iraqi exiles in the weeks just before Kassem was killed; the results so far seem, from Nasser's point of view, fully to justify the cost. Syria, as I pointed out here some months ago, has a long record of political instability, most of it sustained, when not directly instigated, by Egypt. In the preparation of the most recent coup there was, however, a curious little blunder in timing, which has passed virtually unnoticed. On the night of Monday, March 4, monitorings of Cairo Radio were full of quotations from messages, alleged to be reaching Beirut, to the effect that Syrian Army units "at the front"—presumably along the frontier with Israel—had mutinied, and that the insurrection was led by a pro-unionist (i.e. pro-Nasser) Colonel, named Zaid el Hariry; this officer, so the reports continued, had been under suspicion by the authorities in Damascus, who had appointed him to an ambassadorial post overseas, but he refused to obey the order and remained at his post. All units at the front, it was said, were supporting Colonel Hariry.

Thereafter, there was silence for three nights on this theme. Somebody, I suspect, had fluffed, by announcing D-day somewhat in advance. In parenthesis I have some sympathy with this unnamed brick-dropper. Just 22 years ago one of my chores was the composition of India Command's communiqués about a nasty little campaign on the Arakan Peninsula, in the north-east corner of Burma. Regrettably I misread a signal and was just about to tell the world that our troops had occupied—or evacuated, I forget now which—a place called Maungdaw, when in fact they had occupied (or evacuated) a place called Taungmaw; and Maungdaw was to be evacuated (or occupied) three days afterwards. Before it was too late (but only just before) I discovered my mistake. I was conscious of its enormity, and I re-wrote the communiqué in bleakly uninformative phraseology, for there is no kind of intelligence more prized, by one's enemies, than the premature release of accurate information.

In the story of the Syrian coup Colonel Hariry bobbed up on March 8—already inevitably one up, and described as Brigadier Hariry. By the end of an eventful day he was a major-general and Chief of Staff of the Syrian Army, third in the hierarchy under two other former brigadiers, one of whom had become a lieutenant-general and the other a major-general. General Hariry's "ambassadorial post," it seemed, was to have been that of military attaché in Amman, whence a *Times* special correspondent observed, a trifle mordantly, that the latest Syrian revolution seemed, "seen from here," to be a carbon copy of Iraq's a month before. He noted—quite rightly, in my opinion—that, as in Iraq, the new Syrian regime's policy showed a strong Baathist flavour: all the slogans proclaimed on the radio made much of Arab unity and Arab socialism, and relentless opposition to "dividers, opportunists, communists, Zionists and imperialist agents" was inevitably affirmed.

Baathism, except in Akram Hourani's sect in Damascus (which is now out of power and out of favour), has capitulated almost completely to Nasserism. Nasser offers the irresistible combination of "Arab socialism" with "Arab unity" and an endless succession of military dictatorships. The attractions of such a policy for young, middle-class officers, far from wealthy and unrelated to any of the big clans that dominated Arab politics in the Middle East for decades, are obvious; President Nasser himself, who was subjected to them all when he was young, is now exploiting and manipulating them cleverly for his own purposes. It would be foolish and shortsighted to minimise the importance of his present run of successes, especially in Yemen.

To this unpleasant little war, Nasser has now committed a force of some 25,000 men, commanded by his two most senior officers, one of whom—Field Marshal Amer—took up his post in December immediately after President Nasser had concluded an agreement with President Kennedy providing for a phased withdrawal of his troops. There is also quite a sizeable air component, consisting of Mig jet fighters and Il-28 light bombers, in the field supporting the republican regime of Field Marshal Salal, which the U.S. has recognised but which the British Government, for once (in the view of Hanson Baldwin, the *New York Times's* military expert) "better informed about the stability and degree of control of the republicans over the country," has not.

But, as Hanson Baldwin has observed, in any case recognition has solved nothing. The fighting against the royalists, who admittedly have had considerable Jordanian and Saudi backing, has continued and increased in intensity; and the United States, to even matters up, has sent six C.130 aircraft and about 100 paratroopers to the aid of Saudi Arabia. To this somewhat equivocal military aid there has now been added diplomatic pressure, in the form of a special American mission to the Saudi capital whose task it is to urge Prince Feisal to reach an arrangement with the Egyptians. The President and the State Department are seriously worried about the increasing instability in the Middle East; and, in view of American oil interests in the region, no wonder. But no wonder either that, the day after the Damascus coup, Bagdad Radio—eagerly anticipating its Cairo colleagues—hopefully proclaimed that it was soon to be repeated in Amman and Riyadh. Wishful thinking, of course, but wishful thinking with a cutting edge to it.

The years of uneasy semi-stability in the Middle East which followed Israel's decisive victory in the Sinai campaign, and the apparent elimination of British influence throughout the area, are now at an end. It is ironic to reflect that the State Department is as bogged down in mutual contradictions, and the irresolute, blundering actions which follow equivocal policies, as ever the Foreign Office was at the height of our hegemony—ironic but hardly helpful.

The Western Powers must, I think, face the fact that they can no longer drift along without decision, and without a policy, in the Middle East. Britain, though she has little or no influence, still has interests and still has responsibilities in the area.

Last November, in the immediate aftermath of the Cuban crisis, I had the privilege of giving a lecture at the Royal United Service Institution on the Middle East, in a series of talks on the general theme of British commitments overseas. I said then that there was an urgent need that we should reassess and refashion our whole Middle East policy, after years of improvisation, and years of neglecting our friends in order to appease our enemies. I quoted Ronald Storr's observation, which has been a favourite of mine for over 20 years: "The East is a University in which the scholar never takes his degree." I believe, as I said then, that in the early days of our association with this region we used to pass our interim tests with honours—and with honour.

But one dread (I confessed) obsesses me over the Middle East, as over Africa: "that, in the end, we may shuffle off with history's *aegrotat*, a sick and sorry old buffer, too tired to carry the burden any longer, and too disillusioned and too distrusted to have found the inheritor on whose strong and youthful shoulders we could honourably have offloaded it." Nothing that has happened in the Middle East in the past four months has, I regret to say, diminished that dread.

In Bagdad leaders of the new Iraqi Government acknowledge the cheers during a demonstration to mark one month of their regime

ENTHUSIASMS IN THE MIDDLE EAST

Spurring on the bloodless coup in Damascus

Fact and fantasy—Syrian troops below a cinema poster in their capital

" Ole Bill," an open-top London bus with solid tyres once used for carrying British troops during the 1914-18 war is seen here arriving for the opening by Field-Marshal Alexander of a Territorial Army Exhibition in London

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

A view of Bristol from high above the bridge showing the new seriously damaged by bombing in 1940. The spire has been restored

ETON'S NEW HEAD. The appointment of Mr. Anthony Chenevix-Trench as Headmaster of Eton breaks new ground. Not for a very long time has the choice fallen on a man with no previous connections with Eton. Usually the choice has fallen on men educated at Eton. Birley, a Rugbeian, and Alington, a Marlburian, were exceptions, but both were previously on the Eton teaching staff, and Alington for much of his life particularly associated with all that belongs to Eton. Mr. Chenevix-Trench got a first in Greats at Oxford, and is very much an open-air type; learned his experience as a teacher at Shrewsbury and Oxford and became Headmaster of Bradfield in 1955 at the age of 36. Since then, young as he is, he had become the mouthpiece of headmasters and marked for further preferment. So numerous are the cadets of the family of Trench, whose head is Lord Ashtown, that I cannot easily discover whether he is related to Mr. Charles Chenevix-Trench who, not long ago, wrote an admirable biography of Wilkes. But I judge that he comes of an intellectual family. His father was a grammarian (of the Gondi language) and an Indian Civil Servant. Eton is a rather built-up area, but still masters who are fond of shooting can lease a few acres within reasonable distance for sport, and some of the boys, accepting the occupational hazards, have often proved skilled beaters. No doubt, the new head will join the syndicate, for he is fond of shooting.

HARTLEBURY CASTLE. For more than 1,000 years Hartlebury Castle has been the official residence of the Bishops of Worcester. It may have suited St. Wulfstan, who survived the Conqueror's invasion, but many bishops since his time have jibbed at that mighty Palace. The first time I ever " rode " in a motor-car was in 1902, when I went with my uncle, Charles Gore, newly and controversially appointed Bishop of Worcester, to examine Hartlebury as a fit residence for a bachelor Bishop. His first observation on measuring its content was also his final: " Oh, I say . . .", he said, and he lived during his short tenancy of the See in an ugly Victorian house in the city before transferring to a still uglier villa at Edgbaston in the new See of Birmingham. Now, splendid Hartlebury is to be restored. It needs restoration and I am glad of it. Quarters will be found in it for the Bishop, of a character and size which will not terrify; and other vast regions will be used for a museum and for diocesan purposes. The Church Commissioners own the freehold and will pay the bill, and will get some of the money back from public sightseers.

" DECENCY FORBIDS." If Oscars are awarded to the most comical crank-societies of the year, I give my vote to the 50,000-strong *Society Against Indecency to Naked Animals* in the U.S.A. Recently it paraded before the White House, urging Mrs. Kennedy to clothe her horse as an example to be followed by all Americans who own animals. A naked animal

Maces were among the treasures from the University of St. Andrews exhibited at Merchant Taylors' Hall, London, in connection with the University's appeal for £1,000,000

A GIFT WITH A CONTINUING REMINDER

You will appreciate how delightful a gift " The Sphere " will make for any occasion with its weekly reminder of the sender. Its weekly pictorial coverage of world news, and its first-class writers, will especially appeal to the busy man or woman of affairs.

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niversity extensions on the hilltop and in the centre, St. Nicholas church. It was nd the City Council recently decided to spend £18,500 on re-roofing the Georgian nave

Seen through the ornamental gates of Birdcage Walk, the Queen Victoria Memorial, opposite Buckingham Palace, is surrounded by scaffolding, ready for cleaning and routine inspection

is " rank indecency." Combinations for cats and cows, pants for panthers, drawers for dogs, are the society's minimum demands for decency's sake—in the land that invented and enjoys strip-tease. People who have long felt that the most indecent show in civilisation is a circus elephant dressed in petticoats or a shabby monkey taught to dance in frilly panties, may of late years have revised their opinion of decency's nadir and allotted the prize to a fat and hairy man or a bulbous woman acquiring a sun-tan on Brighton's beach. But even they will probably cast their votes for the SAITNA in the Oscar for crankiness poll. We are by no means a 2nd-class power in the matter of cranks. But I am glad to do my bit towards acknowledging the U.S.A.'s supremacy in this field of endeavour.

NO RELIEF.

" No relief, no relief,
They must pay up and smile
Who have no relief."

Sir Keith Joseph, in resisting an all-party demand for a Royal Commission to examine the whole question of local taxation, based his refusal on the risk of such an inquiry giving rise to false hopes of any relief for anybody from any part of the burden of taxation, central or local. In this refusal, he showed great courage and altruism, too. For surely the nasty shocks which will be fully felt next month must hit hardest the Government in power in which he serves. (Not that the specifics of the other parties are very much more hopeful.) But there it is. The burden of taxation must continue to rise every year as far as we can see ahead. And since a great part of the reason for the uses is due to the insistent demands of a majority of those who pay the bill, for greater expenditure on urgent improvements which they regard as vital and overdue, for their own comfort, it might behove them to withhold their squeals until they get their rate demands and hear the budget plans and know precisely what *will* hit them. Perhaps some of them will find that they have exaggerated their fears. Perhaps some few of them, who have put all sorts of luxuries and gadgets into their houses in the last three years, will be glad instead of indignant that no " inspector called " upon them before their local authority put a purely arbitrary and guess-work increase on their old assessments. Accepting it as a general principle that one way or another everybody is going to pay more for almost everything for years to come, a week or so more of " wait and see " would be dignified and decent. Who knows? What you lose on the swings, you may make up on the roundabouts. But, of course, you can bank on the general principle as far as your pocket is concerned.

" IF THY HAND OFFEND THEE . . . ? "

Heaven knows there are faults on both sides in a majority of disputes between individuals and groups among the human kind, and it is unlikely that the Dagenham Works are an exception. Experts have been working out and sifting where those faults have lain on both sides and it is not for the layman, now or perhaps hereafter, to take sides or make confident pronouncements. The mouth-piece of the management has laid down the employers' specifics for peace and productivity in this troubled industry, and on none of them would I venture to comment. On the principle alone on which he based his eight points, I feel it reasonable to express a layman's opinion: If employers in any industry must henceforth abdicate their right to dismiss an unsatisfactory employee, Britain might as well shut up shop, abandon the struggle for productivity and drag out a precarious existence taking in each other's washing or searching for acorns. Yes, but who is the proper judge of " unsatisfactory "? There's the rub. There has always been the rub. That ghastly word " victimisation " must be acceptably and permanently defined before trouble at Dagenham and where-not can be eliminated. The tail that has wagged the dog for so many bitter years has not made for a happy kennel. There must be authority vested in someone.

THE OLD STAGER

Carl Edwards works on the design of a window for Liverpool Anglican Cathedral. Portrayed in the window are the poets the Rev. John Newton (left) and William Cowper

Dolokhov (Tony Beckley), the professional soldier, fires during his duel with Pierre, in which he is badly wounded

Kuragin (Tom Adams) waltzes with Natasha (Valerie Sarruf)

ENTERTAINMENT

WAR AND PEACE

To be seen on ITV on March 26

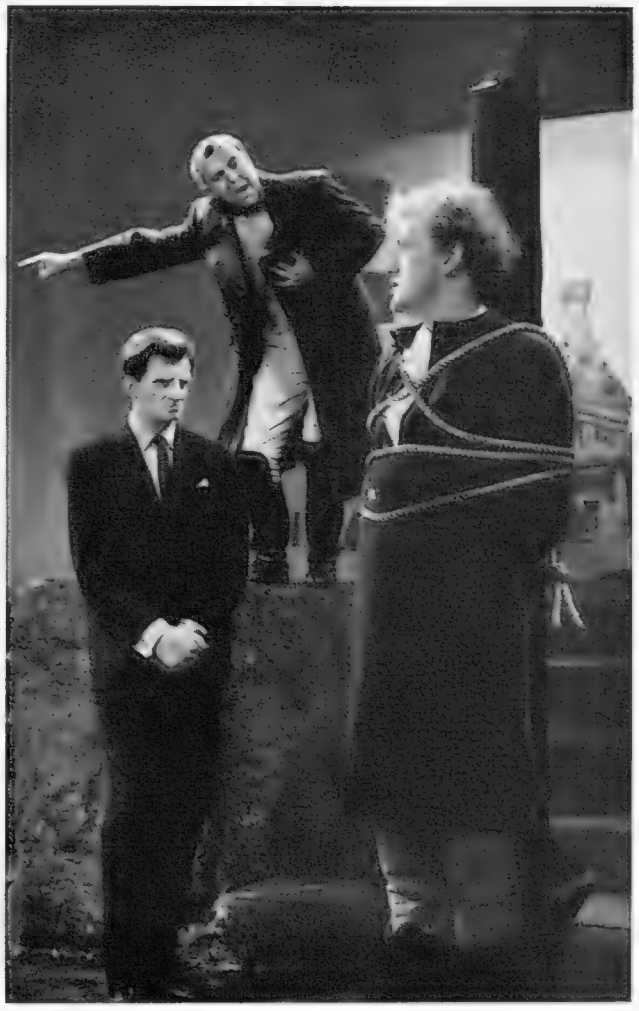
One of television's most ambitious undertakings can be seen next Tuesday evening, when Granada's version of Tolstoy's novel will be presented. This is based on the stage adaptation originally given at the Bristol Old Vic and which was acclaimed by the critics when it moved to London last year for a short season. In fact, the English version, by Robert David MacDonald, was in turn based on a German stage version. In the cast of the television production, directed by Silvio Narizzano, is John Franklyn Robbins, from the Bristol Old Vic cast, in the key role of the narrator. Also starring are Daniel Massey, Ann Bell, Nicol Williamson, Valerie Sarruf, Kenneth Griffith and Clifford Evans.

Natasha pleads with her mother, Countess Rostova (Mary Hinton)

Kutusov (Steve Plytas) issues orders to his troops. On his left is Prince Andrei (Daniel Massey), studying a map

Unable to resist the taunts of the Russian officers about the death of his friend Prince Andrei, Pierre (Nicol Williamson) challenges Dolokhov (seated on the table) to a duel. Dolokhov's friends restrain Pierre from trying to hit him

Pierre reflects on the futility of war with Lisa (Ann Bell) and Andrei. **Right:** Napoleon (Kenneth Griffith) argues with Pierre. Listening is the narrator (John Franklyn Robbins)



THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

AUSTRALIA

The Queen's personal honour for the Australian Prime Minister

It was announced last week that the Queen had conferred the Order of the Thistle on Mr. Robert Gordon Menzies, the Prime Minister of Australia. The Thistle is one of the oldest orders of chivalry, having been founded in 1687, and the conferment of it is the Queen's own personal gift. With the addition of Sir Robert Menzies, as he is now known, there are 17 holders of the order, apart from members of the Royal Family. Sir Robert is the first Australian to receive it. He is partly Scottish by descent and is a third generation Australian. He qualified as a barrister in 1918 and entered politics ten years later. Prime Minister for the first time from 1939-41, he has held the office for the second time since 1949

Knight of the Thistle

The Earl of Dalhousie, the Governor-General of the Central African Federation, opening t e First Trade Congress in Salisbury. Delegates from 38 different countries attended the Congres , which

THE RHODESIAS

Talks open the next round in deciding the future of the territories

Mr. R. A. Butler, who was appointed Minister with special responsibility for Central African affairs almost exactly a year ago, is due this week to start a further round of talks with leaders of the Federation and its constituent Governments. The object of the talks is to find a basis on which a formal conference on the future of the Federation can be held later in the year, probably in a Northern Rhodesian centre such as Livingstone.

The current discussions will turn on the question of stabilising the relationship of the two remaining territories comprising the Federation, Northern and Southern Rhodesia. On December 19 of last year the British Government decided against the Federal Government's wishes to allow Nyasaland to secede. An enabling Act of Parliament to amend the constitution by Order in Council has yet to be made, but Mr. Butler has already established a working party to arrange the details of secession. Sir Roy Welensky, the Federal Prime Minister, has announced that Rhodesian taxpayers will no longer be subsidising Nyasaland after June 30 this year. After that financial provision will have to be made by the British Government and it will amount in Sir Roy's estimation to around £5,000,000 a year if current services are to be maintained.

The prolonged controversy over Nyasaland's secession, originating in the recommendation made by Lord Monckton's Commission of Inquiry in June 1960, has now, it seems, been closed. But the same pledges which the Federal Government claims bound the British Government to maintaining the Federation intact are likely to be re-invoked in the new round of talks. If Sir Roy is determined to resist any attempt to separate the Rhodesias, Mr. Kenneth Kaunda, leader of the United National Independence Party (UNIP) and Mr. Harry Nkumbula, leader of the African National Congress (ANC) are both likely to press for the complete independence of Northern Rhodesia. Whether they do so together depends on the capacity of the UNIP-ANC coalition Government to survive the recent clashes between the parties in three Northern Rhodesian provinces. In Southern Rhodesia, Mr. Winston Field and his Dominion party may also demand complete independence for their territory. Reports from Salisbury and Lusaka last week stated that leading personalities in the delegations would be: For the Federation—Sir Roy Welensky, the Prime Minister; Mr. J. M. Greenfield, Minister of Home Affairs and Law; and Sir Athol Evans, Secretary to the Ministry of Home Affairs. For Southern Rhodesia—Mr. Winston Field, the Prime Minister; Mr. Clifford Dupont, the Minister of Justice; Mr. C. E. M. Greenfield, Secretary to the Treasury; and Mr. G. B. Clarke, Secretary to the Cabinet. For Northern Rhodesia—Mr. Kenneth Kaunda, leader of UNIP and Mr. Harry Nkumbula, leader of ANC.

Lord and Lady Dalhousie (left) hear about the workings of an open-cast mine at Kitwe, Northern Rhodesia. The Governor-General retires on May 7 and was on a farewell tour

Mr. Winston Field, the Southern Rhodesia Prime Minister (right), with Mr. M. S. Mustapha and Mr. J. Jumbo, two of the delegates to the Tobacco Congress in Salisbury

WEALTH

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

International Tobacco ran from March 6-16

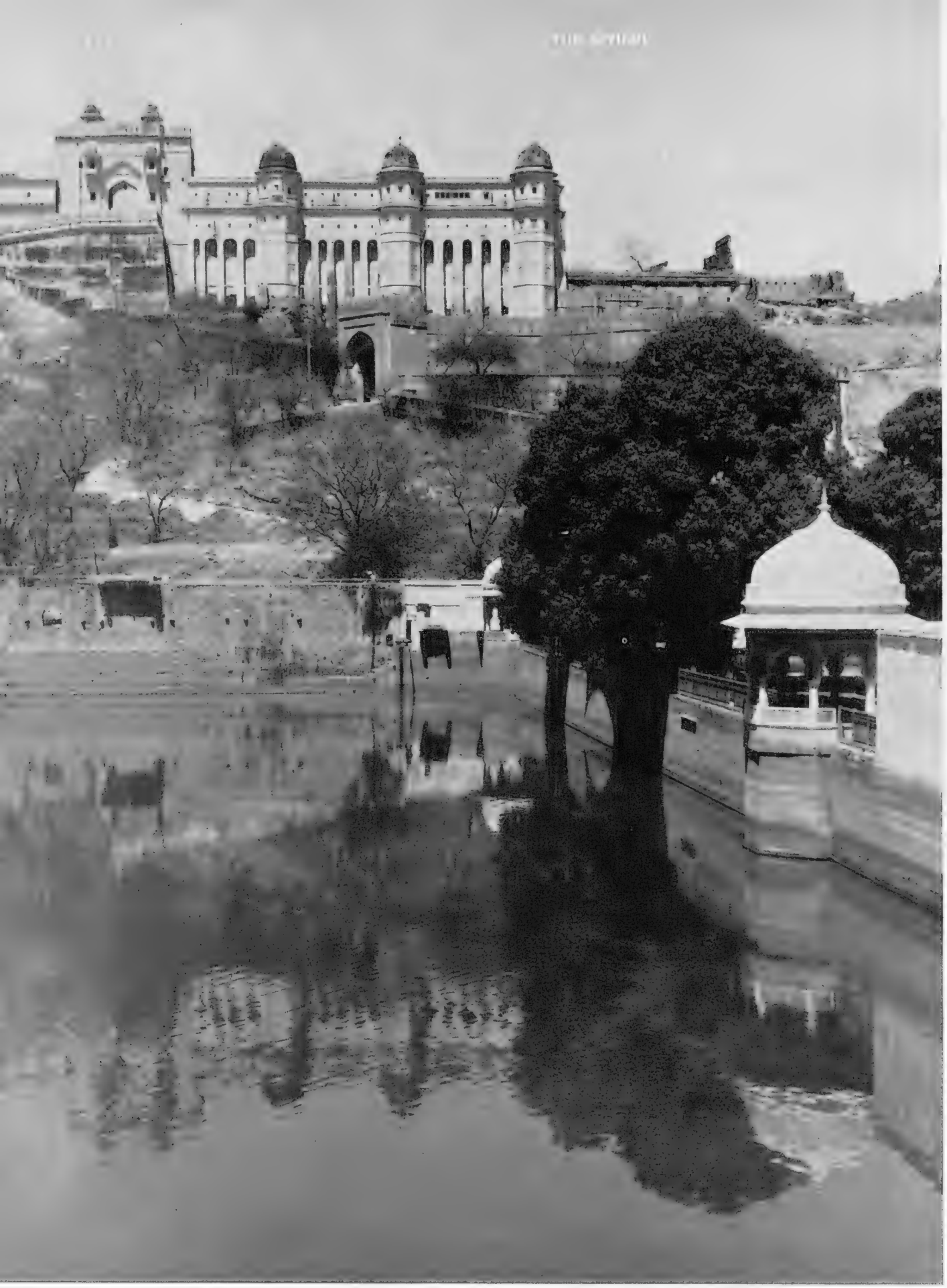
Mr. Augustine Roxy Onuera Ude, the new representative of Nigeria Airways in London

Mr. Bazarrabusa, Uganda's first High Commissioner to Britain, has taken up his post

Mr. J. P. Robarts, the Premier of Ontario, rides in the new leg of Toronto's subway after it had been officially opened. Seated in centre is Mrs. Mackay, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of Toronto

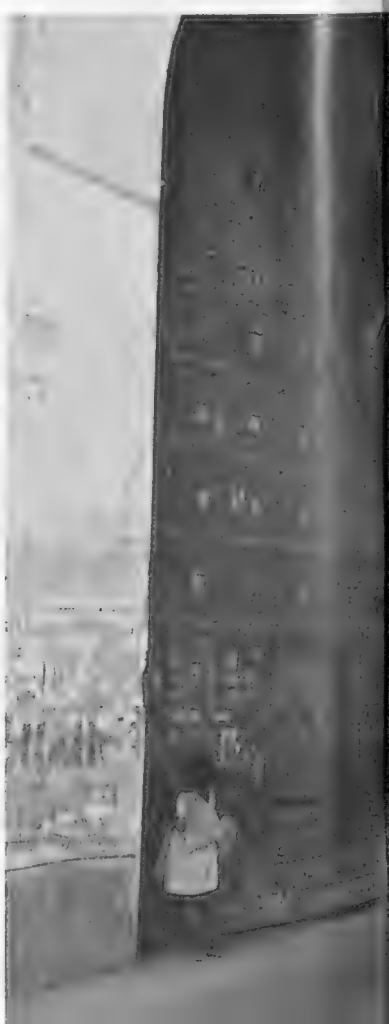
Mr. John Hutton, a New Zealander, engraves glass panels in London for the new New Zealand House

Dr. Fazil, the Vice-President of Cyprus, stands in New Delhi with the traditional garland round his shoulders on arrival, with his wife. They were on a nine-day visit to India. Welcoming them is Dr. Zakir Husain, the Vice-President of India



The Old Palace, mirrored in the lake above which it stands at Amber, in Rajasthan, India, was once the residence of the Maharajas of Jaipur and the now ruined city was their capital

Amber was a flourishing community in t



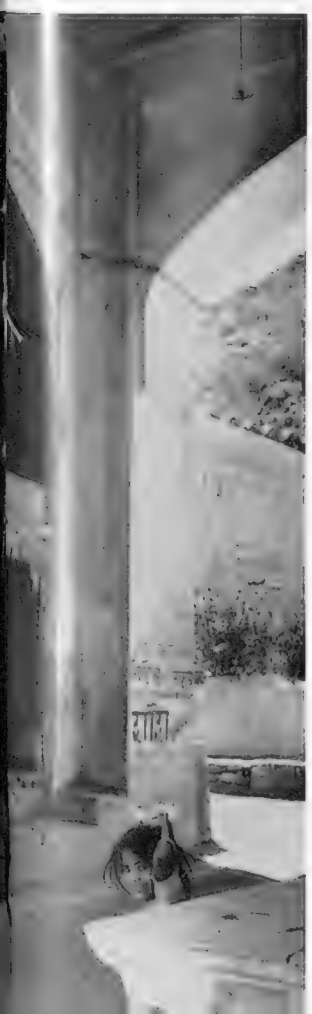
"THE GORGEOUS EAST"

When Milton and others of his contemporaries sang of the "gorgeous East," they could have found few finer examples of oriental splendour than Amber, at that time the capital of the Maharajas of Jaipur. Amber was founded by the Minas over 1,000 years ago and taken in 1037 by the Rajputs who remained there until the move was made to Jaipur in the eighteenth century. The city lies at the mouth of a rocky mountain gorge in which is a lake. Its greatest glory is the Old Palace begun by Man Singh I and completed by Raja Jai Singh I, who died in 1688. Among its wonders are the *Sohag Mandir* and the *Jai Mandir*. The former is a small pavilion with beautiful latticed windows above the Maharaja's apartments. It looks onto green, cool gardens with fountains and all around are buildings resplendent with marbles and mosaics. The *Jai Mandir* or Hall of Victory has inlaid panels of alabaster with flowers carved on them. Nearby are the bathing rooms, all of pale, creamy marble.

Opposite the *Jai Mandir* is a chamber called the *Sukh Niwas* or Hall of Pleasure through which a stream flows in a channel. The doors are of sandalwood. The palace was so magnificent when it was completed that it attracted the envy of other rulers. So Raja Jai Singh I covered it with stucco to save it from the possibility of attack and destruction. In its pristine grandeur Amber may well have made Xanadu look a trifle second rate.

inth entury A.D. Some of its ruins are today used as stables and byres. **Below left :** One of the city gates. **Below :** The remains of a temple

(*See also following pages*)



"THE GORGEOUS EAST"

(*Continued from pages 432 and 433*)

Some Chhattris or monumental

Left: The city walls are seen

tu es in honour of persons of rank were erected outside the city in the sixteenth century. They commemorate various Chieftains

gh a gate. **Centre :** Another view of the old walls. **Right :** The ancient defences against invaders are still standing. The Maharajas moved from Amber in 1728

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

OBITUARY FOR JOHNNIE JOBLESS

This is by way of being an obituary. Shakespeare's lines

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i'the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather

might have been written about "Johnnie Jobless," a man without ambition. It was the winter and rough weather that killed Johnnie Jobless.

Johnnie Jobless, for as such he was always known, was a moucher. I doubt if we shall see another such in this district. Indeed, I doubt if there are many mouchers in Britain now, for mouching is a dying profession, because it requires enormous knowledge and great strength of character. The latter coupled with great knowledge almost always spells ambition: and the one thing that a moucher must not have is ambition. It is a dying profession because it requires a very long apprenticeship and involves, once that apprenticeship has been served, really hard work; and because everything in modern Britain, the whole set up from schooldays onwards, is designed to stifle nonconformity. A moucher is, above everything else, a non-conformist.

Johnnie Jobless was an old man, nigh on 80, when the cold killed him. He had started life as a farm labourer; and he would have been a child then. He fought in the First World War. After that war he started mouching. For more than 40 years he had no recognised job: but he had never been on the dole, had never drawn "assistance," had never been in trouble. Though he lived rough for most of the year, only going into a shack in winter, it was his boast that he had never needed a doctor. Each week he earned just enough for his simple needs—and, since he did not smoke or drink, these were simple indeed—and the moment he had, he stopped work. He did not want money, he wanted freedom: to call no man "master," to be beholden to no man.

There are any number of men like this. Mostly, they end up "on the road," tramps, or "on the Bank" (the Embankment), down and out. They do so because they have no strength of character and no pride. To be a moucher you must have both. Strength of character to refuse to work for people you do not like and to work for those you do only when you wish and for as long as you wish, pride to refuse charity. Johnnie would not accept even an old and tattered coat as a gift, not even from one he regarded as a friend. You could not give him anything. If he wanted anything, old clothes, old boots, he would do some service in return. With his unkempt hair falling on shoulders and a great beard, he was yet a man of enormous pride.

To live like this, to earn money when you look like this, in a world that judges largely by appearance, requires something more than character: it requires great knowledge. Johnnie knew his countryside intimately and he lived on his countryside, as do all mouchers. It is a country profession pure and simple. He would collect moss by the sackful and sell it to florists for wreaths and such-like. It sounds simple, but it had to be the right sort of moss. He would sell primroses, sweet violets, daffodils, ferns, watercress (he grew his own in quiet brooks), button mushrooms, real mushrooms, blackberries from door to door.

Everything that grew was grist to his mill: and he knew where everything grew. Again, it sounds simple: but it meant much walking and much hard work. For example, he would pick 20 pounds and more of blackberries in a day. (Do you remember the labour involved in picking just a pound or two?) And he fed well. He knew where the hedgehogs lay and the paths of the hares, where the partridges fed along the hedgerows and where the pheasants roosted, and, in pre-myxomatosis days, every rabbit run. But he would have been furious if you had called him a poacher. A poacher kills to sell: he killed only for himself, only to eat. Anyway, he was never caught with game in his possession!

It takes years to acquire this sort of knowledge. You start as a youth straight from school. When I was a boy, and perhaps up to the beginning of the last war, the lads of the village would go for walks, a dozen or so together, on Sunday afternoons. There were no girls on these walks. The youths had girls, of course; but there were six evenings in the week to waste on them. The Sunday walk (and their fathers and grandfathers had been on it too) was a serious business.

It was on the Sunday walk that you learned the lie of the land, the ways of birds and beasts, the little hidden places where good things grow. That sort of knowledge was invaluable for a farm labourer with a small wage-packet and a large family. The Sunday walk was the village university. When a youth left the walk to walk with a girl on Sunday afternoon, everybody in the neighbourhood knew what it meant. It meant, 99 times out of 100, that the girl was pregnant. It was as good as putting up the banns.

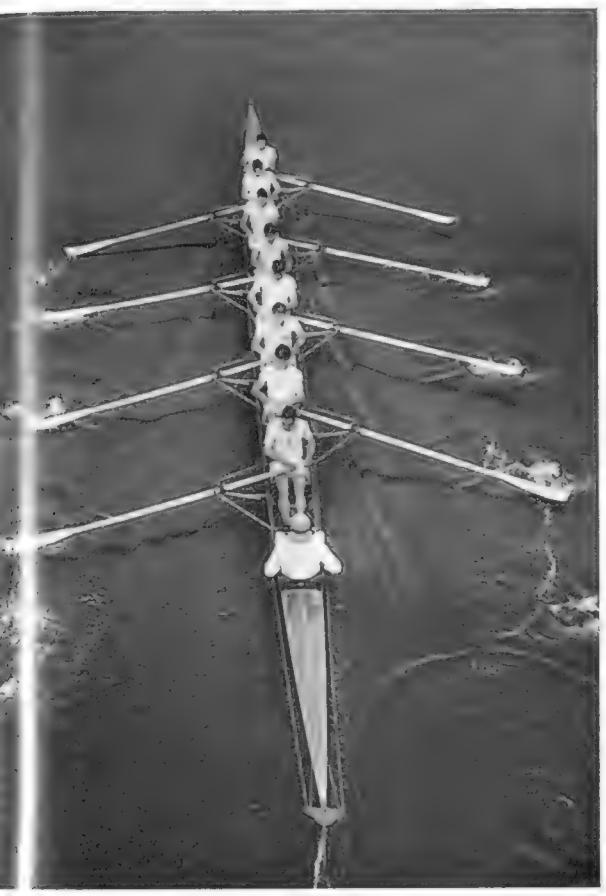
You do not see the Sunday afternoon walk nowadays. Now the youths have their motorcycles (bought on the never-never) and they know the towns better than they know their own village. Their countryside they know scarcely at all. It is true that there is no longer the same necessity to know it intimately. Most of the young go to work in the towns. For those who do not, wages are better, feeding the family less difficult.

Mouching is a dying profession. In a few years there will not be one left, for there is no new blood coming in. There are still men who are mouchers at heart and by temperament. There always will be. I do not know what such men will do in the future, for there is now no future even for the moucher of the simplest tastes. Conditions are all against him. Too many of the gentry, and it is the gentry on whom the moucher relies, are now country-folk only at the weekends. Urban life has conditioned them against the door-to-door salesman. They would rather buy their mushrooms in a shop than fresh from the fields. Mouching is a dying profession.

Perhaps it is just as well. Johnnie Jobless was, after all, unemployable, a worthless citizen, a "ne'er-do-well." I shall miss him. A worthless citizen he may have been, but he was a character, a personality: an eccentric personality maybe, a bit of a "natural," but still a colourful personality, and there are not so many about in these days. If he did nothing worthwhile for the community he lived in, he never did anyone any harm.

In the reaches of the Thames above the Tideway, pleasure boats lie in wait for spring visitors, at Runnymede. The picture was taken from the new Runnymede Bridge

The Oxford crew approach Putney Bridge during a spell of rowing in their training on the Tideway. This year's Dark Blues are: S. R. Morris (Radley and St. Edmund Hall), 11 st. 11 lb., bow; N. V. Bevan (Shrewsbury and Balliol), 12 st. 12 lb.; R. A. Morton-Maskell (Bryanston and Keble), 13 st. 6 lb.; M. Q. Morland (Radley and Lincoln), 13 st. 7 lb.; R. C. T. Mead (Eton and Keble), 13 st. 6 lb.; D. D. S. Skailes (Eton and Keble), 13 st. 6 lb.; P. A. V. Roff (Melbourne University and New College), 12 st. 9 lb.; D. Spencer (Yale and Christ Church), 12 st. 11 lb., stroke; C. M. Strong (Shrewsbury and Keble), 9 st. 2 lb., cox. Morton-Maskell, Skailes and Strong are Old Blues. The boat race is on March 23, at 11.30 a.m.



The Light Blues on their first full course trial

THE BOAT RACE — 1963

The early stages of training for the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race this year were inevitably affected by the bad weather. Both crews had to find stretches of water where boating was practicable and this in some way retarded their development.

Oxford seemed to have rather worse luck than Cambridge and the latter were definite favourites when the eights arrived on the Tideway for their last three weeks. Very soon, Oxford sprang a sensation. After their first full course trial, the President of O.U.B.C., T. W. Tennant, suffered a blistered hand and on the next outing stayed out of the crew. Then it was announced he was standing down altogether and would not row against Cambridge. He had taken this step on the advice of the coaches, having been out of form for some time. He was deservedly acclaimed for his sporting action in the interests of his crew.

The University crews, their coaches and all other oarsmen will freely admit that rowing throughout the world would not be what it is today without the influence of Steve Fairbairn. The man who revolutionised style and methods in rowing was an Australian by birth and went from Geelong Grammar School to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he was awarded his Blue for four years in succession.

Cousins in rivalry. M. V. Bevan **(left)** the Cambridge No. 2 and N. V. Bevan, No. 7 for Oxford. They come of a famous rowing family

None would deny him the title of the greatest of rowing coaches. A memorial has now been erected to him at the Mile Post on the Putney-Mortlake Boat Race Course. It was to be unveiled on March 21 by Lord Bruce of Melbourne, himself an Old Blue of Cambridge and a former Prime Minister of Australia.

"Steve" was born in 1862 — the unveiling ceremony is intended as a late commemoration of the centenary of his birth — and died in England in 1938. The memorial is a granite column bearing a relief taken from the bust which is now the trophy for the Head of the River race, started by Fairbairn in 1925.

Cambridge: P. J. Webb (Monkton Combe and Queens'), 11 st. 2 lb., bow; M. V. Bevan (Bedford and Downing), 12 st. 10 lb.; A. V. Cooke (King's, Chester and Jesus), 13 st. 1 lb.; B. J. R. Jackson (Witwatersrand and Clare), 12 st. 7 lb.; J. Maasland (St. Kentigern N.Z. and Queens'), 14 st. 2 lb.; M. H. Beckett (Bedford and Queens'), 13 st. 2 lb.; D. F. Legget (Radley and Trinity Hall), 12 st. 7 lb.; Lord Chewton (Eton and 1st and 3rd Trinity), 11st. stroke; F. G. de Rancourt (Eton and 1st and 3rd Trinity), 9st., cox

TRAVEL

JUNE IN HELSINKI

By "THE SPHERE" TRAVEL CORRESPONDENT

After a short time in Finland, one gets used to casual references to "my island" or "my summer house." When a Finn says "my island" he means quite literally that it is his, and since there are some 30,000 off the Finnish coast, not to mention the uncountable others scattered about her 60,000 lakes, the claim is not an uncommon one. If he hasn't an island, his summer house will be on some quiet lake or river shore. To it the rest of the family retire during the first days of June when schools have broken up for the three-month summer holiday, to be joined by office-bound husbands, uncles and brothers at every possible opportunity.

In spite of this, there is no obvious sign of depopulation should you go to Helsinki in June, and that, I suggest, is one of the best times to go. By early June, the northern spring is at its loveliest: city streets are softened by purple and mauve mists of lilac; daylight is almost 24 hours long; and it is time for the Sibelius Festival.

Hotel standards in Finland are high and prices, though not low, compare with those of other capital cities. The sleek Marski hotel on main Mannerheim street is the newest; in contrast is the splendid solidarity of the Kamp, once a meeting place for famous Finns, not far from the South Harbour. Unpretentious, but with good service, is the Helsinki between the Station and Senate Squares. The railway station, incidentally, has a helpful tourist accommodation office through which one can also arrange to stay in a private home.

No one would claim that Helsinki is the most beautiful city in the world, but certainly its Senate Square is among the most gracious in Europe. For this, thanks in some measure are due to Alexander I who, having won Finland from the Swedish crown in 1809, moved the capital from Turku to Helsinki and commissioned Karl Engel, among others, to provide it with a fitting centre.

The Finns, however, did not think much of Alexander I, nor any other "Autocrat of all the Russias" who followed him—except, perhaps, Alexander II. He kept at least some of his promises and earned himself a statue in the self-same square. Behind it, Engel's Cathedral of green domes and clean Empire lines rises at the head of a great flight of steps, a favourite spot for students and office workers to enjoy the lunch-hour sun. Engel also designed the university where most of the concerts of the Sibelius Festival are held (this year, June 5-13).

Sibelius is deeply revered by the Finns who know better than anyone how truly he has caught the moods of calm and tempest in the wild, unspoilt landscapes which surround them on every side. From Helsinki, it is easy to combine a visit to these landscapes with a pilgrimage to places which mark both the beginning and the end of the Sibelius story.

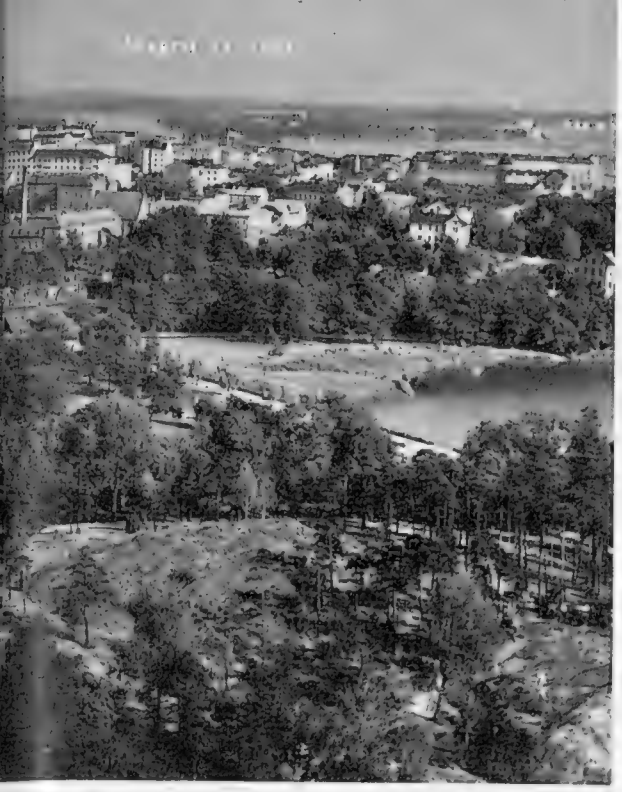
The first is Hämeenlinna, 1½ hours by diesel train north of the capital. The little town is a typical example of provincial Finland, where modern shops and office blocks contrast with still extensive areas of cobbled streets and wooden houses. In one of these Sibelius was born; in another he spent his boyhood days. But other famous Finnish names are associated with this somnolent town. Paasikivi, beloved past president, went to school here. And here, too, at a corner chemist's worked Elias Lönnrot, the young man who as a country doctor was to wander through the remote regions of Karelia, gathering the legendary stories known collectively as *Kalevala*. This epic is to Finland what the *Iliad* is to Greece. As famous it may not be, but Longfellow fell for its haunting cadence, using it as a basis for his *Hiawatha*.

Hämeenlinna also has a good art gallery, a medieval castle—until recently a women's prison, but now restored—a number of ancient greystone churches in the vicinity, the nearby glossy tourist hotel set in Aulanko National Park, and a veteran DC-2 from Finland's last two wars, now finishing its days as a coffee bar. The town is also the starting point for the Silver Line water bus route to Tampere, Finland's second largest city (seven hours).

Sibelius did much of his greatest work in a gracious white villa about 20 miles from Helsinki, and it seems fitting that he lies at rest in the grounds of what was his home for more than half a century. His grave can be visited on certain days. Nearby is Tuusulanjärvi, a lake amid great flat fields and forests. This quiet corner has curiously attracted many Finnish artists, writers and musicians—and I say "curiously" because it is by no means the loveliest spot near Helsinki. It is, however, immensely peaceful and down a little lane one comes across the humble hut where Aleksis Kivi spent the last years of his life. Kivi, author of *The Seven Brothers*, founder of Finnish drama and comedy, was the first novelist to write in Finnish, a language which for so many centuries had been considered

Where Helsinki ends and the forests and lakes begin. A suburb o here from the top of the Olympic Stadium tower. Olympic Game

A market flourishes on the South Harbour waterfront. Helsinki's City Hall is in the background



e Finnish capital is seen
ere last held there in 1952

highly inferior to the Swedish of the ruling classes. Kivi is buried in the local churchyard overlooking the wide, luminous lake. Nearby, another tombstone seems startlingly familiar amongst the tongue-twisting Finnish names. The inscription reads simply: Charles Hill, a gold washer, 1881-1921.

There is a statue of Aleksis Kivi by that most prolific of Finnish sculptors, Wäinö Aaltonen, near the railway station in Helsinki, between the National Theatre and the Ateneum Art Gallery. The capital, indeed, is not lacking in museum interest, which includes the National Museum, the Helsinki and the Mannerheim in which the relics of that noted Marshal's extensive travels are set out in his former home. There is an island with an open-air museum (Seurasaari); another with a zoo (Korkeasaari); a third (Suomenlinns) with old fortifications built by the Swedes which earned it a reputation as the Gibraltar of the North. Its impregnability was proved during an Anglo-French attack in the Crimean War when the Russians were in residence.

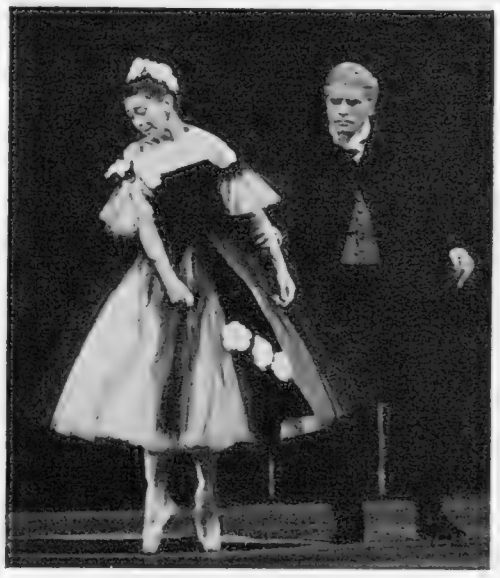
Although its life so far is comparatively brief, Helsinki has had its share of history. It is, however, more especially a city of the present and the future, and a visit to its satellite towns and garden suburbs is an object lesson in what can be done with the basic theme of four walls and a roof.

In the city centre, my own favourite place is the South Harbour, a short block away from Senate Square. For those who love to see ships come and go, it is a most satisfying place with sightseeing pleasure boats, self-important little tugs, yachts like butterflies and, still within sight, the bigger ships of visiting navies and passenger liners from every corner of the world. A morning market does brisk business on the cobblestones between the harbour waters and the President's Palace and City Hall. I have seen it in winter when red-faced stallholders blow on frozen hands and stamp their booted feet in the hard-packed snow; and I have seen it under a barrage of bright umbrellas beneath the midsummer sun. But never is the South Harbour lovelier than on a golden June evening when, far into the night, the fading colours of sunset deepen into another dawn.

By air, London-Helsinki, from £56 8s. night tourist—£114 2s. first-class day; by sea via Tilbury-Gothenburg (Swedish Lloyd), Harwich-Esbjerg (United Steamship Co.), and Harwich-Hook of Holland (British Railways and Zeeland Steamship Co.), thence through Copenhagen and/or Stockholm, from about £42 second-class return. Also sailings from London to Helsinki by Baltic State Steamship Line.

For further information: Finnish Travel Information Centre, Finland House, 56 Haymarket, London, S.W.1.

The young Armand (Rudolf Nureyev) meets his Marguerite (Margot Fonteyn) for the first time



Marguerite is told by Armand's father (Michael Somes) to give Armand up

MARGUERITE AND ARMAND

Highlight of last week's Royal Ballet Gala

Described by one distinguished critic as "a performance destined to become a ballet legend," the première of Sir Frederick Ashton's new ballet at the Royal Gala at Covent Garden was a triumphant occasion. Much heralded, the work, based on Dumas's *La Dame aux Camelias*, was specially created for Dame Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev, who danced with moving and tragic intensity. It is set to Liszt's B Minor Sonata, orchestrated by Humphrey Searle. The story is told in flashbacks from Marguerite's fevered delirium of her last illness and is telescoped into a brief span, with the result that Ashton's sensitivity for romantic subjects has been distilled into high drama.

Photographs by Anthony Crickmay

Armand, grief-stricken, kneels over the dying Marguerite

Their final dance together

BOOKS

THE WAY PEOPLE LIVE

An expatriate in Italy; "contracting out" in East Anglia; a portrait of Catherine the Great; new fiction

"In the first half of my life," writes Mr. Aubrey Menen, Traveller Exceptional, "I learned to know three peoples well: the English, the Indians and the Americans. They were diverse in their ways, but they had one thing in common: all three felt deep within them that they had fewer moral failings than the rest of mankind." Later he writes that he waited as long as he could and then when he had reached middle age, decided "to live among the Italians, who have given up such illusions." SPEAKING THE LANGUAGE LIKE A NATIVE (Hamish Hamilton. 21s.) is the book which is one of the results of Mr. Menen's long Italian stay and whether he is writing about the Vatican City, the slums of Naples or the Pompeian notions about keeping up with the Jones's, it is a constant delight.

ON MY OWN TERMS (Faber and Faber. 25s.) is an autobiographical volume from the independently minded character who has already given us *The Fat of the Land.* In that, he described the way in which he and his family made themselves almost entirely self-supporting on five remote acres in Suffolk. In the present book he goes further back to boyhood. At 20, our author, Mr. John Seymour, went to Africa where he spent 12 adventurous years and subsequently served during the war in Ethiopia and Burma, coming back at length to the quiet East Anglia he loves. There he now lives happily with his wife and three daughters, trying, as he puts it, to "contract out" as far as possible "of an economic system which we do not like, because we feel that it is motivated by greed." This is a remarkable book, full of freshness and vigour. I recommend it to you as a really bracing experience.

Miss E. M. Almedingen's biography of CATHERINE THE GREAT (Hutchinson. 30s.) is worth not only reading, but owning, on two counts: it is lucidly and vividly written, and it comes as close as a single volume can to giving a complete and detailed portrait of an extraordinary woman and monarch. Miss Almedingen shows us with clarity a ruler "in whose thought everything was pillared on politics, and the latter stood for expediency, and she clung to the principle of the end justifying the means with far more zeal and fidelity than any Jesuit of her generation."

Miss Nadine Gordimer is a South African who lives in and writes about that country but it would be misleading to speak of her or categorise her as a South African writer. She is a fine writer in the English language and is becoming more and more widely known as such. Her new novel, OCCASION FOR LOVING (Gollancz. 21s.), takes its title from a memorable line of Boris Pasternak's: "We have all become people according to the measure in which we have loved people and have had occasion for loving." The story is concerned with a university lecturer and his wife, a devoted, intelligent and sensitive couple. Their liberal habit of thought and, specifically, their rejection of the colour bar precipitates a dramatic crisis in their lives. There is not a page in this novel which should be missed; not a paragraph I would have wished different.

ALBERT FINNEY has scored a personal triumph in the role of the German Emperor, Henry IV, in Pirandello's play *Henry IV*, produced at the Glasgow Citizen's Theatre

FAIL SAFE (Hutchinson. 16s.) is a highly dramatic American novel, by Mr. Eugene Burdick and Mr. Harvey Wheeler, about a nightmare situation. A squadron of bombers is headed for Moscow loaded with 20-megaton bombs. They are pledged to destruction and beyond recall. The world as we know it is about to end and this, not because of an international battle of wills, but because of a mechanical failure. The fail-safe mechanism, designed to make it impossible for a nuclear war to break out by accident, has itself failed. In the meantime, the President in Washington and Khrushchev in the Kremlin speak to each other by telephone and decide—what? I can't say that this is a comforting story but it *is* a fantastically effective one.

The short stories in THE SAUCER OF LARKS (Gollancz. 18s.) are by Mr. Brian Friel, a new Irish author whose work has often been published in the *New Yorker*, always a happy home for literary refugees from the Emerald Isle and for some who still live there. He has also been published in England and now, in this first collection of his tales, will understandably be greeted as an original, keen-sighted and natural writer.

To conclude, two thrillers. A DEAD ENDING (Gollancz. 15s.), by Mr. Judson Philips, has a New York background, a plot which fairly whizzes along and the same cool objective and attractive lawyer hero of the same author's admirable book, *Murder Clear, Track Fast.* IN THE KEY OF BLACK (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) reveals Mr. Philip Broadley as a neat, ingenious and by no means unemotional writer of whodunits.

Vernon Fane

A HERO ECLIPSED

The tragic case of Rutland of Jutland

Here is the story of a man who probably had a very raw deal; a man who deserved well of the British nation because of his extraordinary heroism at Jutland in World War I, and who in World War II became the victim of Regulation 18b, that section of an Act of Parliament which, in effect, gave uncontrolled power of imprisonment to a Minister and no right to the detainee to learn the reasons for his detention or the identity of his accusers, and no opportunity to clear his name or find redress. This man was Squadron Leader Rutland, D.F.C., R.N., and his biographer is the redoubtable Desmond Young. In RUTLAND OF JUTLAND (Cassell. 18s.), Mr. Young rallies to the defence of a gallant officer, making a withering attack on rough justice in the Britain of 1939-45. Rutland's crime, if crime there was, was said to be one of "hostile associations" with the Japanese. When he took his own life in 1949 Rutland was still under the cloud that officialdom refused to dissipate, despite the pleas of Admiral Keyes and many others.

Lieut-General Sir Francis Tuker, who led the famous 4th Indian Division through North Africa to Italy, puts behind him all nonsense about personalities in his APPROACH TO BATTLE (Cassell. 50s.). As a soldier, with a lifetime of experience on many battlefronts, he here surveys the North African campaign, all four rounds of the desert championship, as the fortunes of war ebbed and flowed along the Cyrenaican and Egyptian shores. This is a book about soldiering more essentially for soldiers than anyone else; and it says some very hard things, and probably very true, about "the absurd clutter and vast congregation of men and women who shamelessly idled their time away at and about numerous headquarters." The Tuker philosophy is enshrined in the Suvorov maxim of "train hard and fight easy," coupled with a desire to get on with the job with a minimum of interference from behind and a maximum determination to exploit success and organise pursuit.

"A mission of peace that was to become a rendezvous with death"; "the shock waves of the Katangan explosion rumbled through the hushed boardrooms of the great mining groups in London and Johannesburg"; "the conflict of interests that swirled and eddied around the Secretary General as he struggled to steer the United Nations away from the threatening reefs." Here are but three examples of the cliché-ridden narrative in which journalist Arthur L. Gavshon has sought to present an hour-by-hour account of THE LAST DAYS OF DAG HAMMARSKJOLD (Barrie and Rockliff. 25s.). Mr. Gavshon's book is partly based on the official United Nations report of the fighting in Elisabethville in September 1961. That report by Dr. Linner has been hotly contested by Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien. It is hard to accept that Mr. Gavshon's book is in any way a summing up of the tangled political events of the day, nor does it bring us any nearer to the truth about the fatal air crash on the anthill outside Ndola, where Dag Hammarskjold lost his life.

Legal folk and academic folk take pleasure and pride in dressing up; in assuming a colourful professional uniform. W. N. Hargreaves-Mawdsley is one of our greatest experts on costume, and his twin volumes A HISTORY OF ACADEMICAL DRESS IN EUROPE and A HISTORY OF LEGAL DRESS IN EUROPE testify to his great scholarship. Both volumes deal with the period up to the end of the eighteenth century, and are profusely illustrated. The publishers are the Oxford University Press. The first named volume costs 45s., and the second 35s.

If you are tired of speeding along the Routes Nationales during a holiday in France, Georges Pillement has some fascinating alternatives to offer in his two volumes on UNKNOWN FRANCE: FRENCH ALPS TO THE RIVIERA and UNKNOWN FRANCE: PARIS TO THE RIVIERA (Johnson Publications. 30s. each). These off the beaten track itineraries, presented with appropriate sketch maps, are rich in their variety; if the pace is bound to be slow the rewards of this leisurely travel are likely to be considerable.

Richard Edmonds

PREMIERS AND PARTY SPLITS

It is sometimes erroneously believed that divisions and controversies within British political parties are a modern phenomenon. The extent of this fallacy is amply demonstrated in new books about three Prime Ministers—Rosebery, Balfour and Lloyd George. First in chronological order and in merit is ROSEBERY by Robert Rhodes James (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 50s.). Five years ago, at the age of 25, Mr. James produced his biography of *Lord Randolph Churchill*, a masterly study which promised much for the future. That promise is abundantly fulfilled in his new book.

The main foundations of it are the hitherto unpublished personal and political papers of the fifth Earl of Rosebery. He emerges an unattractive character. Frequently he behaved like a spoilt child, being moody and petulant when he couldn't have his own way.

In politics this takes the form of threatening to resign. Rosebery was an adept at it. Yet he had periods when he showed great capabilities and grasp of affairs. In 1889, he was the first and probably the greatest Chairman of the London County Council. He was the " party manager " behind the Midlothian Campaign; as Foreign Secretary he took a firm line with his colleagues in the cabinet. He succeeded Gladstone in the Prime Ministership (overriding the claims of Harcourt) and inherited an impossible legacy of splits and controversies. Perhaps his most notable achievement during his brief and dismal tenure of office was to win the Derby twice. After 1895, when he was not yet 50, he faded into the shadows, a forgotten man who did not die until 1929. Mr. James attributes much of his failure to his lack of purpose after the death of his adored wife in 1890.

Balfour, the next Prime Minister but one after Rosebery was born in 1848, one year later than him and died one year after him. Thus their careers often cover the same events, but in Balfour's case they are seen from the Conservative, not the Liberal, view. Therefore Kenneth Young's ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR (Bell. 63s.) should be read as a balance to Mr. James's *Rosebery*. Like Rosebery, Balfour was born into the purple, was brilliant as a young man and had family connections (his uncle was the great Salisbury) which assured him of the succession to the higher positions in politics. Also like Rosebery, he was a failure as Prime Minister. He split his party into rancorous cliques and was eventually ousted from the leadership because of his lack of enthusiasm towards one of the Chamberlainite-Conservative articles of faith—tariff reform.

Mr. Young, like Mr. James, draws on a mass of hitherto unavailable political material. Care and space have been devoted to Balfour's philosophy. On analysis, it turns out to have been rather shallow stuff. In this conclusion, maybe, lies the key to Balfour's character. He was a failed Prime Minister in 1906 and a failed leader of a fissionised party in 1911. Yet to the end of his life he accepted any office which came his way. He was primarily a politician, not a philosopher.

Lord Beaverbrook is a journalist, a politician and, if not a professional historian, an engaging amateur who has amassed for himself a vast collection of politicians' personal papers in relation to the earlier years of the century. His THE DECLINE AND FALL OF LLOYD GEORGE (Collins. 25s.) is a wonderfully exciting account of how hubris overtook the Welsh Wizard. My own view is that Lord Beaverbrook is fundamentally a dramatist, for only a dramatist could so competently handle the large cast assembled—in which the author himself plays a leading part. Those of us familiar with the period know that there must be intrigues and counter-intrigues and that eventually Bonar Law must write his letter to *The Times* and spell in it the end of Lloyd George. But to the younger generation Lord Beaverbrook unfolds a tale of reality far more thrilling than anything conceivable by a fiction writer.

Charles Dimont

From The Sphere, October 28, 1922: Left: Lloyd George leaves Downing Street to resign the Premiership. **Centre:** Lord Birkenhead who resigned as Lord Chancellor. **Right:** Lord and Lady Curzon. He stayed at the Foreign Office

From The Graphic, March 17, 1894: " Lord Rosebery declaring the policy of the new Government at the meeting of the Liberal Party at the Foreign Office on Monday." Sir William Harcourt is in extreme right background

From The Sphere, May 26, 1906: Mr. Balfour addressing the House. The Conservatives having been defeated in the recent election, he was Leader of the Opposition. He is flanked by Joseph (right) and Austen Chamberlain

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Lord Nelson of Stafford

Next week, Lord Nelson of Stafford meets his shareholders for the first time as Chairman and Chief Executive of The English Electric Co., Ltd., at the Annual General Meeting on March 28. He was appointed to his present post in July last year on the death of his father, the 1st Baron Nelson of Stafford. Born in Manchester in January, 1917, Henry George Nelson was educated at Oundle and King's College, Cambridge, where he was an exhibitioner and read Mechanical Sciences. After coming down, he spent two years gaining practical engineering experience in Britain and on the Continent, before receiving his first Board appointment, at 25, as Managing Director of D. Napier and Son Ltd. (a member company of the Group). Before he was 40, he was Managing Director of English Electric. He has served on the Boards of all the principal subsidiary companies of the Group, which now employs over 80,000 people with interests ranging from nuclear power stations, strike aircraft, and guided weapons to railway diesel engines and computers. He is a member of three British engineering institutions—electrical, mechanical and civil. Because of his breadth of experience and knowledge, Lord Nelson has served, and is serving, on a wide range of committees and councils of national organisations. These are too numerous to list but range from industrial research to Middle East trade. He is a director of the Bank of England. In 1959 Lord Nelson was awarded the Benjamin Franklin medal for his work in scientific industrial development. He is a Freeman of the City of London and obtained the Freedom of the Company of Goldsmiths in 1961. Lord Nelson is a keen sportsman—tennis, shooting, riding and ski-ing—and other interests include the Staffordshire Society, the English Speaking Union and the Pilgrims. Married, with two sons and two daughters, Lord Nelson divides his time between London and Staffordshire, where he has a mixed farm at Eccleshall, near Stafford

MACHINERY MAKERS WITH AN IDEA

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

Everybody is his own tax expert nowadays; but it isn't often that you find engineers coming up with new ideas about the tax system. Yet the British machine tool industry, which is a business dominated by very down-to-earth engineers much more than by accountants, recently suggested to the Treasury a new idea that deserved a good deal more attention than the conventional advice so many industrialists give the Chancellor at this time of the year. The idea was chosen to fit the circumstances of the machine tool industry; but the difficulty it seeks to correct is one that goes much wider and applies to many kinds of "capital goods."

Capital goods are industrial products that make other industrial products: primarily machines, but extending to all the things business invests in to carry on its operations, from cement to computers. Some rank as capital goods only when business invests in them, such as cars and chairs and tennis racquets for the sports club. These goods lead another life as more or less durable consumer equipment—which is fairly lucky for their manufacturers, since it gives them a complementary market with a quite different kind of rhythm over the years. For capital goods proper—machines, industrial plant, ships—the problem is that their rhythm of demand tends to be all on the same beat.

By and large, businessmen in any given branch of industry tend to decide they can afford to expand, or alternatively feel they must postpone the investment they had planned, all around the same time. The motor industry's waves of expansion of capacity, twice since the war, have been timed over much the same periods; the oil companies all slapped in huge tanker orders together after the crisis of Suez; if it had not been for official intervention, Britain would have had three and not two strip mills building during 1959-62, and last year, with quite understandable unity of purpose, steel companies seem all to have been deciding what projects they could postpone. It never rains but it pours—to mix the metaphor, both down and up.

As a result, capital goods manufacturers are used to a "prince or pauper" way of living. Either they are overpressed, deciding how much of their output they can give to home equipment and how much to export, with grave doubts being expressed by their customers whether their industry is big enough, as the steelworks' plant manufacturers were only a few years ago; or they are coming to the Board of Trade to discuss the problems of a highly efficient engineering industry with appallingly few orders on the books, as these same manufacturers were last month.

Much worry and ingenuity has been spent, over the years, upon trying to even out demand for plant and machinery to little practical result. Essentially, the problem is that it is difficult to stop what encourages one businessman to expand encouraging another, and that the same applies in reverse. Economists and machinery manufacturers have pointed out, time and time again, that if only orders in these industries were spread out more over the years, everybody would be better off. The customers would avoid the delays and shortages that often arise somewhere in the pipeline when the plant makers' factories are chock-a-block with orders. The manufacturers would have a steadier load on their factories; less dramatic ups and downs to report to their shareholders, but steadier dividends. The nation would get a given quantity of output for home and exports from a smaller capital investment. The advantages are obvious. Unfortunately, no customer ever finds them as compelling as the chance of extra profit that investment, at any given time, offers him (and offers his neighbour alike).

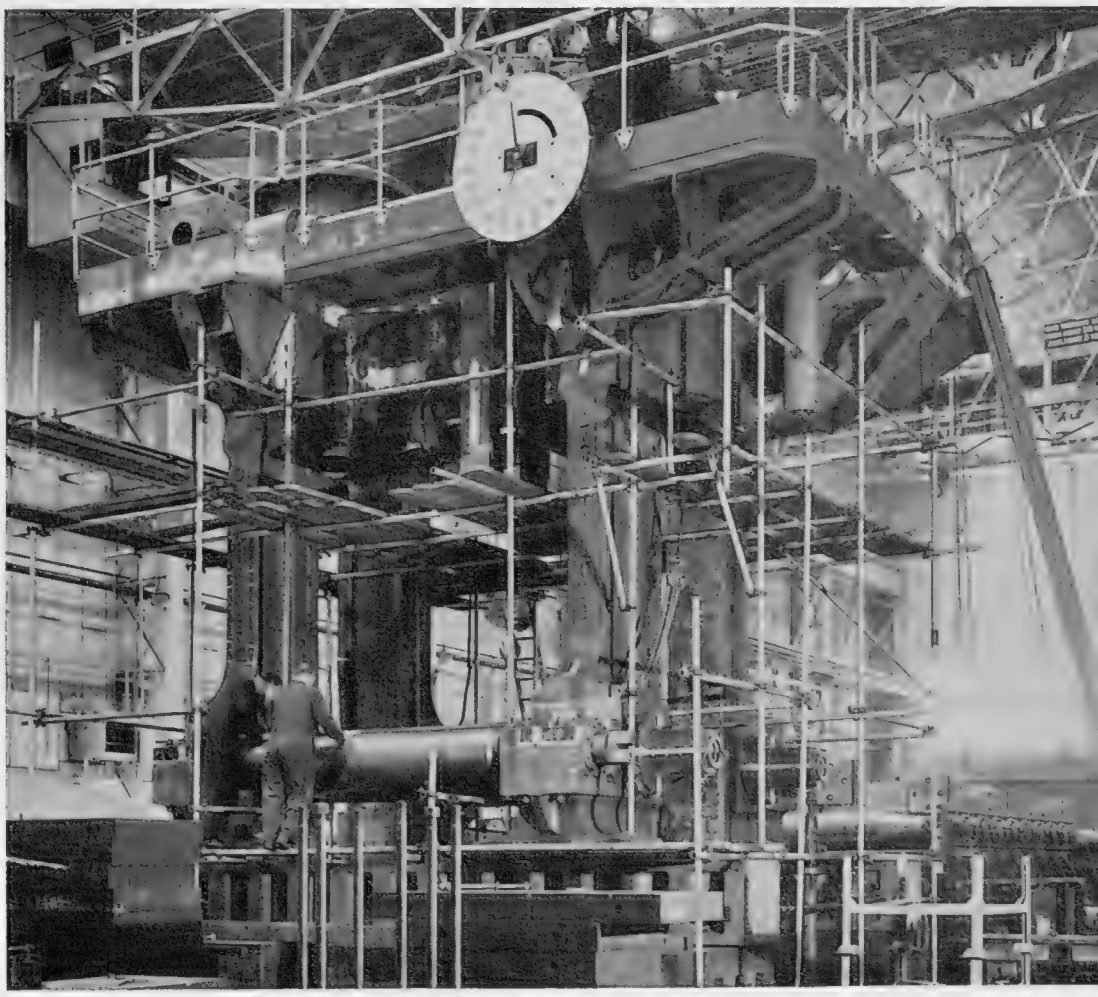
The idea suggested by the Machine Tool Trades Association is based upon the fact that a large proportion of the demand for machine tools, unlike some other kinds of plant and machinery, tends at any time to be for replacement of existing machines. Intensive engineering users such as the motor industry—by far the biggest single customer for machine tools—use their equipment flat out, wearing it out and writing it off over a comparatively short working life. (This is in contrast to some other engineering users of these tools on less continuous production, who are liable to keep a machine for anything up to 30 years or more—and still get some useful service out of it.)

Waiting for replacement demand from those occasional users would be a dreary prospect; but the motor industry and a few others have a regular demand for new equipment to replace other machines they are discarding. This does not, however, alter their habit of all deciding to expand at the same time, so that replacement demand and expansion, at such times, are superimposed on one another. The MTTA suggestion is for a fiscal device to try to separate and even them out.

It has suggested that in addition to their normal financial provisions for depreciation—which nowadays, in any case, are seldom enough to buy the new machine actually brought in to replace the written-down equipment—users should be allowed to set aside, in tax-free reserves, further provisions from profits which they would not be able, however, to spend just *when* they chose. From time to time, when slack was obviously developing in the machinery supply industries, the Government would allow businessmen to spend freely on investment from these tax-free reserves. At other times, business could spend these specially accumulated provisions from past profits if it felt it must; but at those times, on taking the money out of reserves, companies would have to pay tax upon it as if the profits had been distributed in the first place.

There would be a strong tax incentive, therefore, for companies to spend from these reserves when the capital goods industries told the Government they were in a bad way. Such times would obviously not be times of general investment in expansion, or these manufacturers would be busy anyway. So the investment that might be carried out at these periods of encouragement would presumably be replacement; and there would be an incentive to bunch one's replacement into just such periods of non-expansion, not have the two kinds of demand on top of one another.

Such a system is already operated in Sweden and manufacturers there seem to be fairly satisfied with it. Unfortunately, it is not easy to isolate the effects of this tax as such upon the run of capital goods demand in Sweden, where there are many other features in the tax system that are unconventional by our standards. Nevertheless, the suggestion does seem to have some genuine merit—the National Economic Development Council, it is understood, gave it some support both in its published plan and in its as yet unpublished advice to the Government on policy. It is a system of which manufacturers of machine tools would have been glad just about now, with their demand well down from the peaks that characterised the investment boom of 1959-60. If introduced now, it could hardly offer any benefit very quickly. But it may be a useful contribution to an enduring, seemingly insoluble problem of highly mechanised industry.



A 42 in. by 104 in. reversing blooming mill nears the completion of shop erection in the Darnall Works, Sheffield, of Davy and United Engineering Co. Ltd., a member of the Davy-Ashmore Group. The mill is being built for the new steelworks of Park Gate Iron and Steel Co. Ltd. at Rotherham

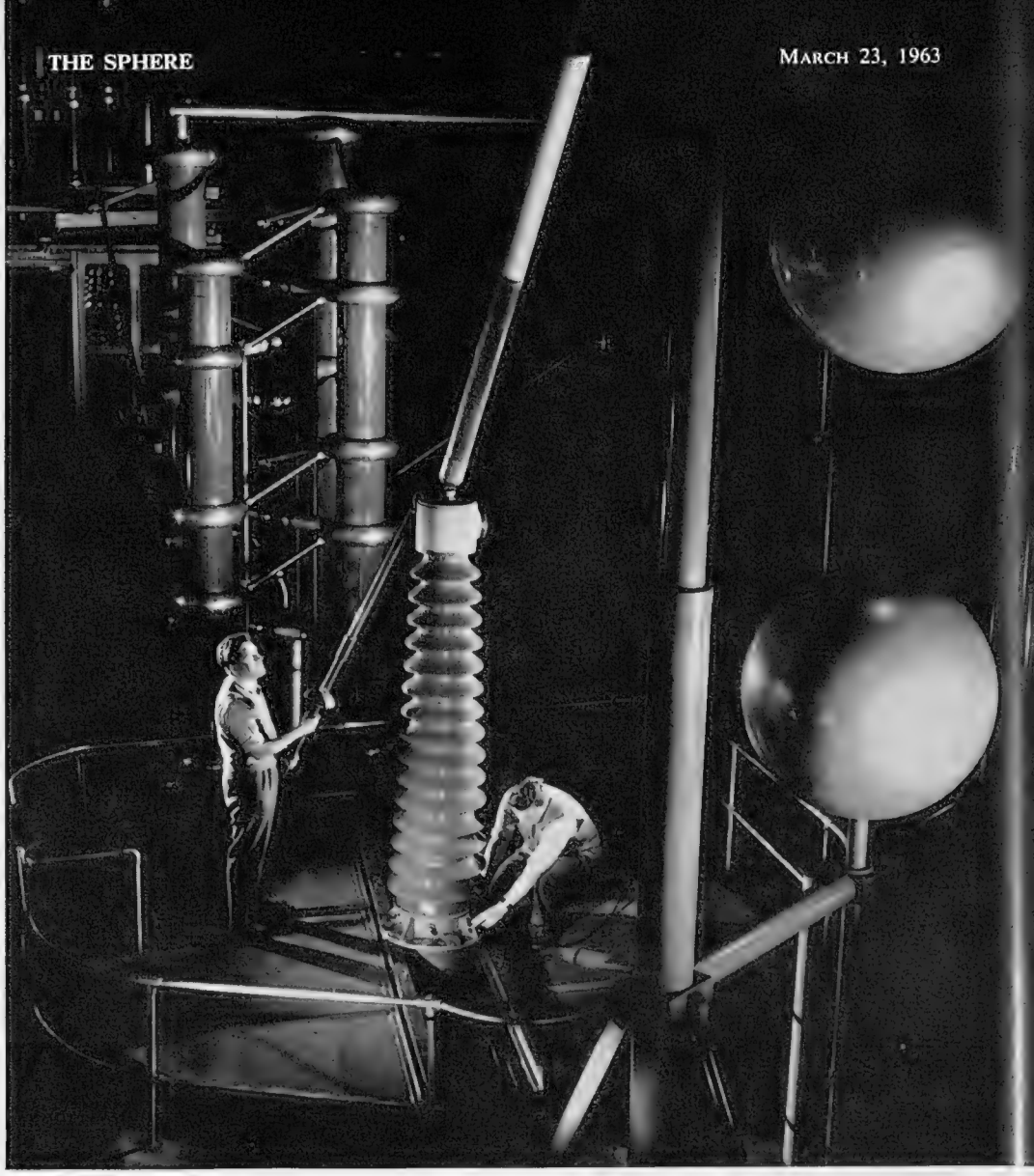
MAKERS OF POWER

Equipment for the generation, distribution and use of electric power on land, at sea, and in the air is the shortest way of describing the range of products made in the factories of the English Electric Group. The works are spread through the industrial North and Midlands. Products from the parent company's 12 factories in Britain provide electricity by using nuclear energy, steam, water, oil and gas to drive turbines and diesel engines. Powerful transformers, switchgear, fusegear and protective relays, made by the group, carry the electricity to industry and into the home.

The group manufactures equipment for textile mills, steelworks, mines and irrigation schemes. At sea, trawlers, ferry boats, ocean liners, high-speed boats and submarines are propelled by machinery made at Rugby, Stafford and Liverpool. Constant-speed drives, generating systems and ice-protection equipment, from factories at Bradford, Liverpool and Luton, go into civil and military aircraft.

Last year, the 200th English Electric 2,000 h.p. diesel electric locomotive was delivered to British Railways and the 22 Deltics of 3,300 h.p. went into full service. Orders are in hand for further diesel electric locomotives for British Railways, for Rhodesia Railways, and Sudan Railways, as well as a large amount of equipment for other overseas customers.

(*Continued on page 446*)

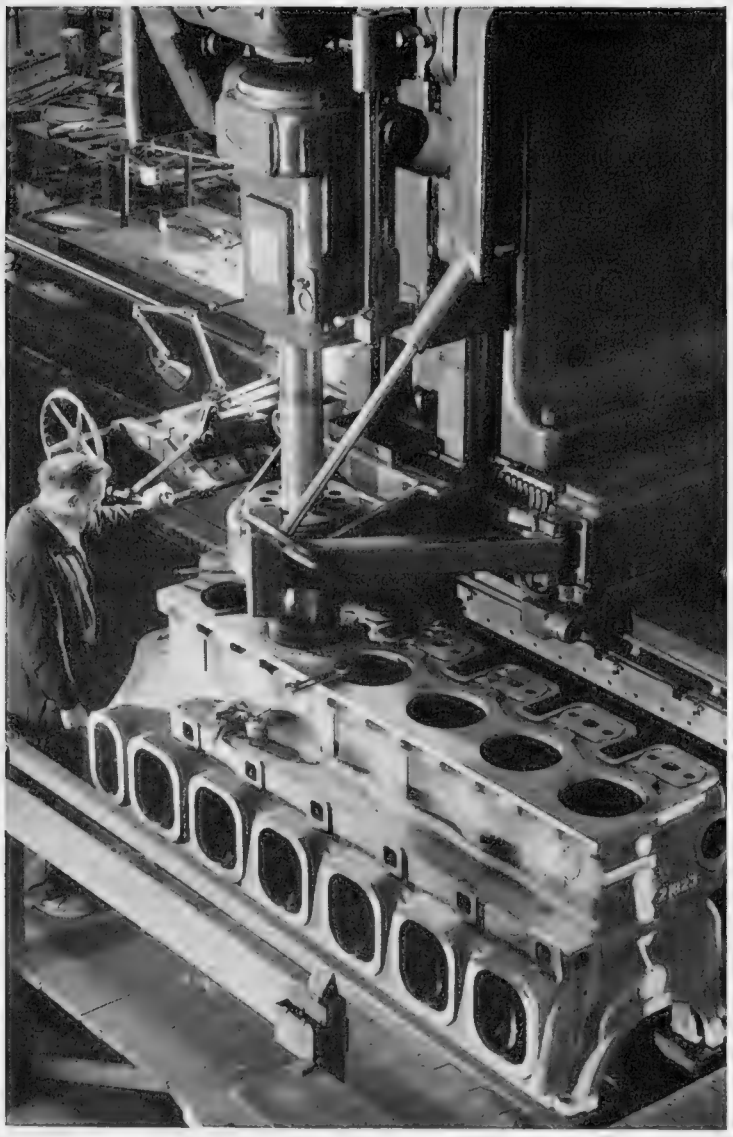


Preparing to test a 196,000-volt bushing, one of the products of English Electric's Accrington works

Pre-heating the rotor of an a.c. squirrel cage motor, a product of Bradford

Trimming a section of a multi-piece insulator

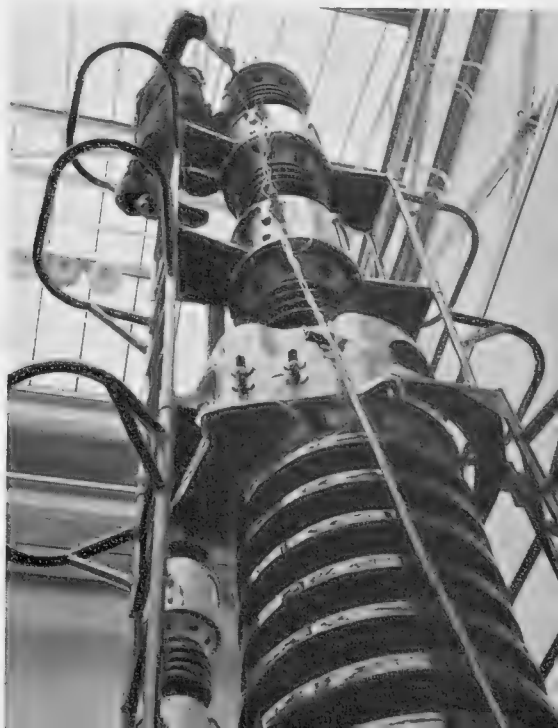
Machine-winding the stator of a small motor

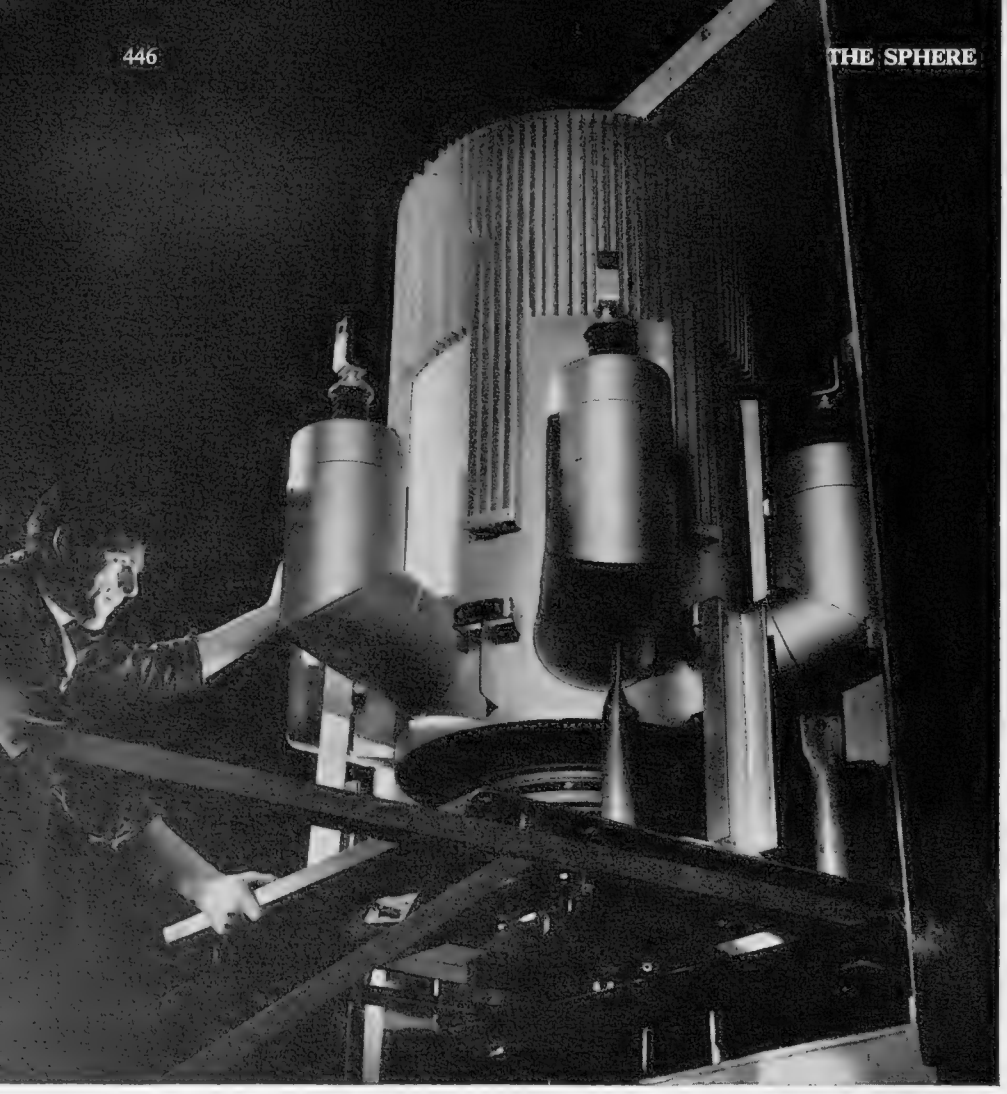


Boring a crankcase for a 6-cyl. diesel engine at Vulcan Works, Newton-le-Willows. **Right :** Assembly of one of 200 Type 4 diesel electric locomotives made for British Railways

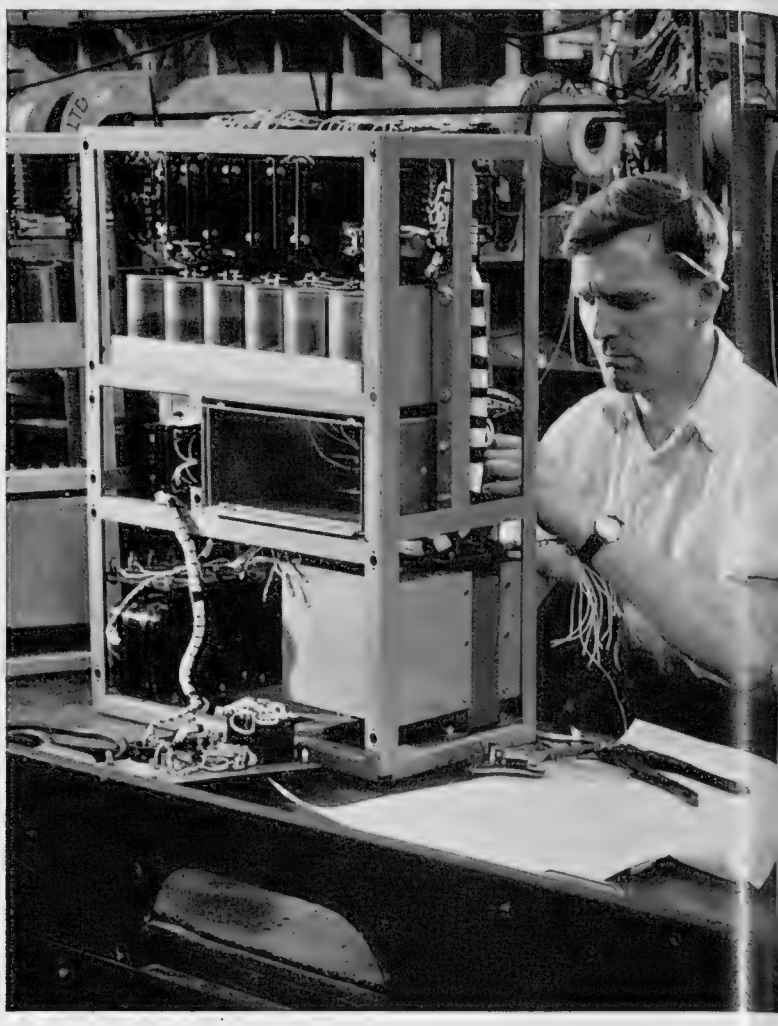
A steam-heated oven at the Stafford Works in which transformer coils are dried

Welding a bogie transom for a Type 3 diesel electric locomotive. **Below:** A 275,000-volt air blast circuit breaker on test at Stafford, destined for Hinkley Point Nuclear Power Station

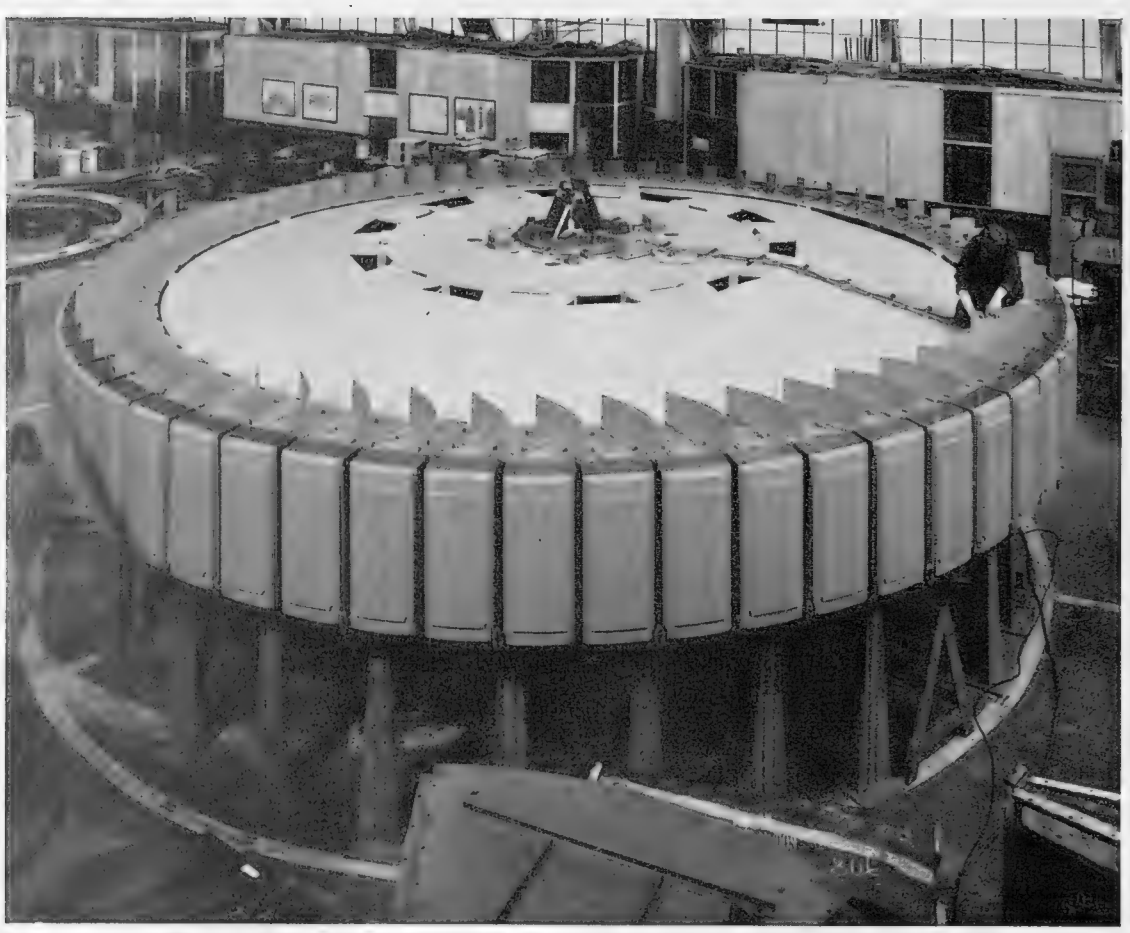




A Stafford-made power converter ready for de-gassing in an electric oven at 400 deg. C.



Power units for the English Electric KDP 10 commercial data processing sy tem



A rotor assembly for the Squaw Rapids power project on the Saskatchewan River, under construction at Netherton

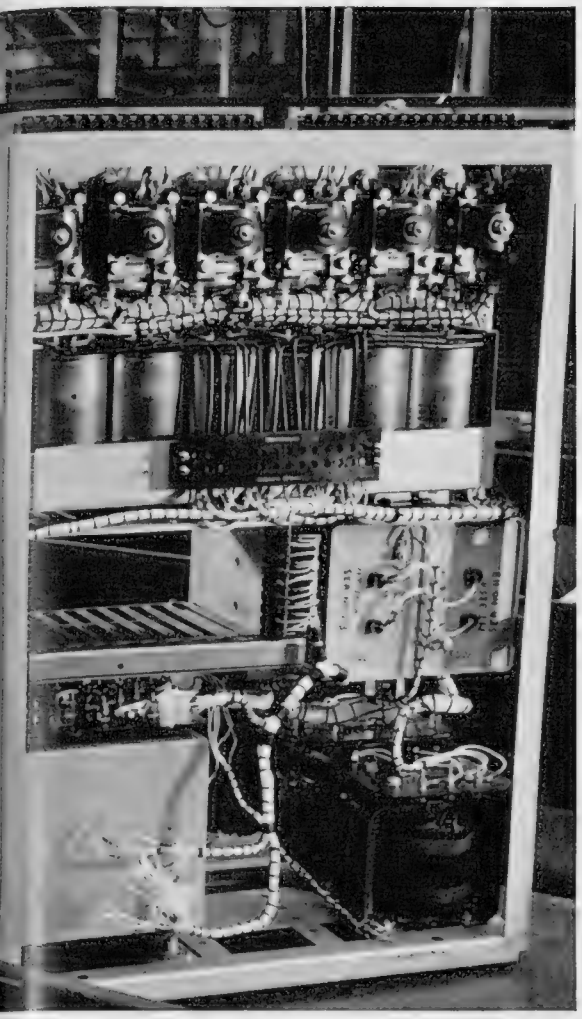
The first stage for a printed wiring circuit is making up this kind of permatrace

In the Rugby Air Flow Laboratory a water analogy channel is used to develop turbine blading

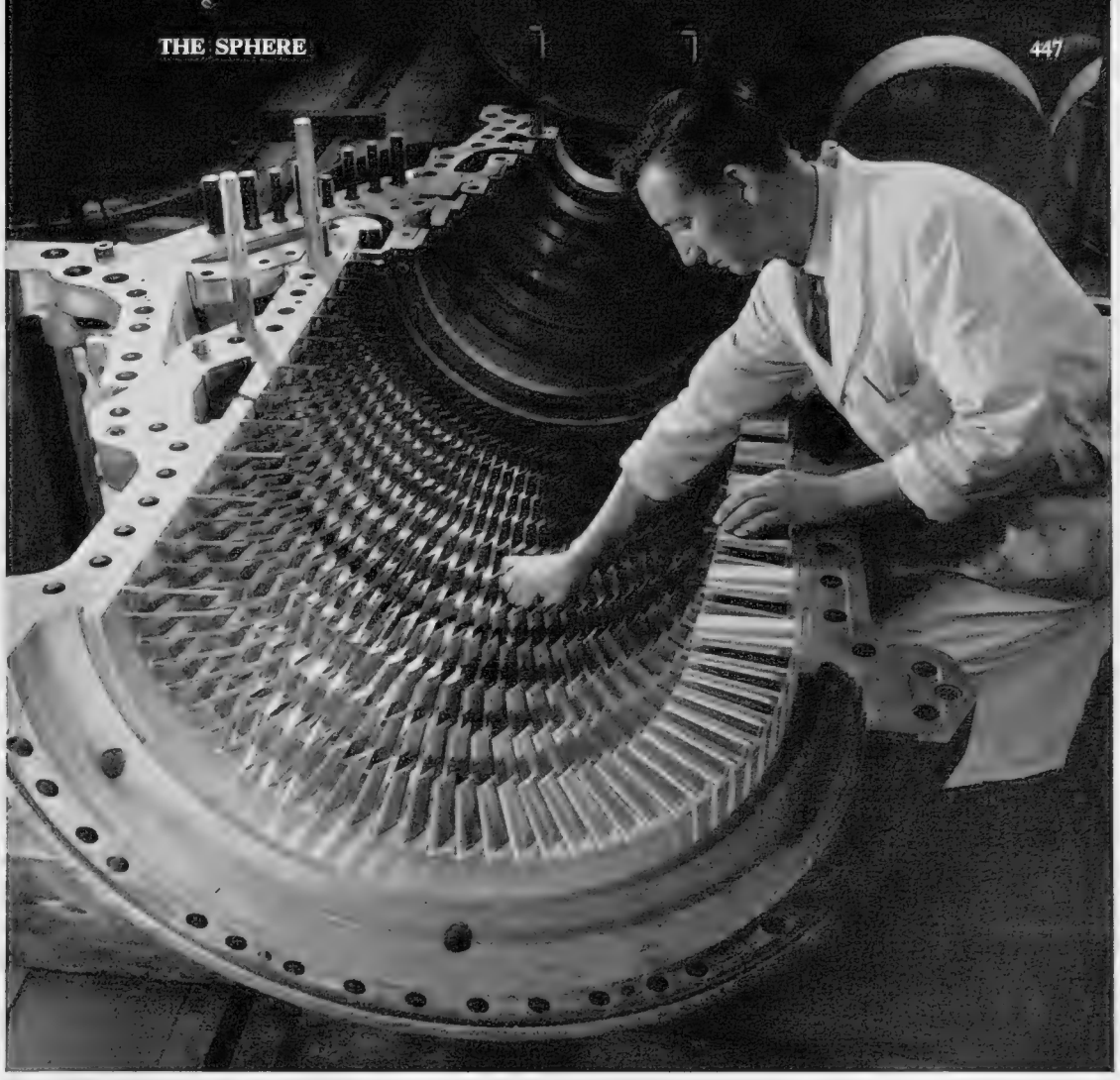
MAKERS OF POWER (*Continued from page 444*)

With their associates Babcock & Wilcox and Taylor Woodrow, English Electric are responsible for nearly a third of Britain's nuclear power programme. Much of the necessary plant has been installed at Hinkley Point Power Station, and at Sizewell, the consortium is building a nuclear power station which is currently the most powerful under construction in the world. In addition, English Electric are responsible for a huge amount of equipment for the C.E.G.B.—steam turbines, gas turbines, transformers, switchgear and transformers. Last year, as members of other consortia, the company gained two important overseas contracts for hydro-electric plant.

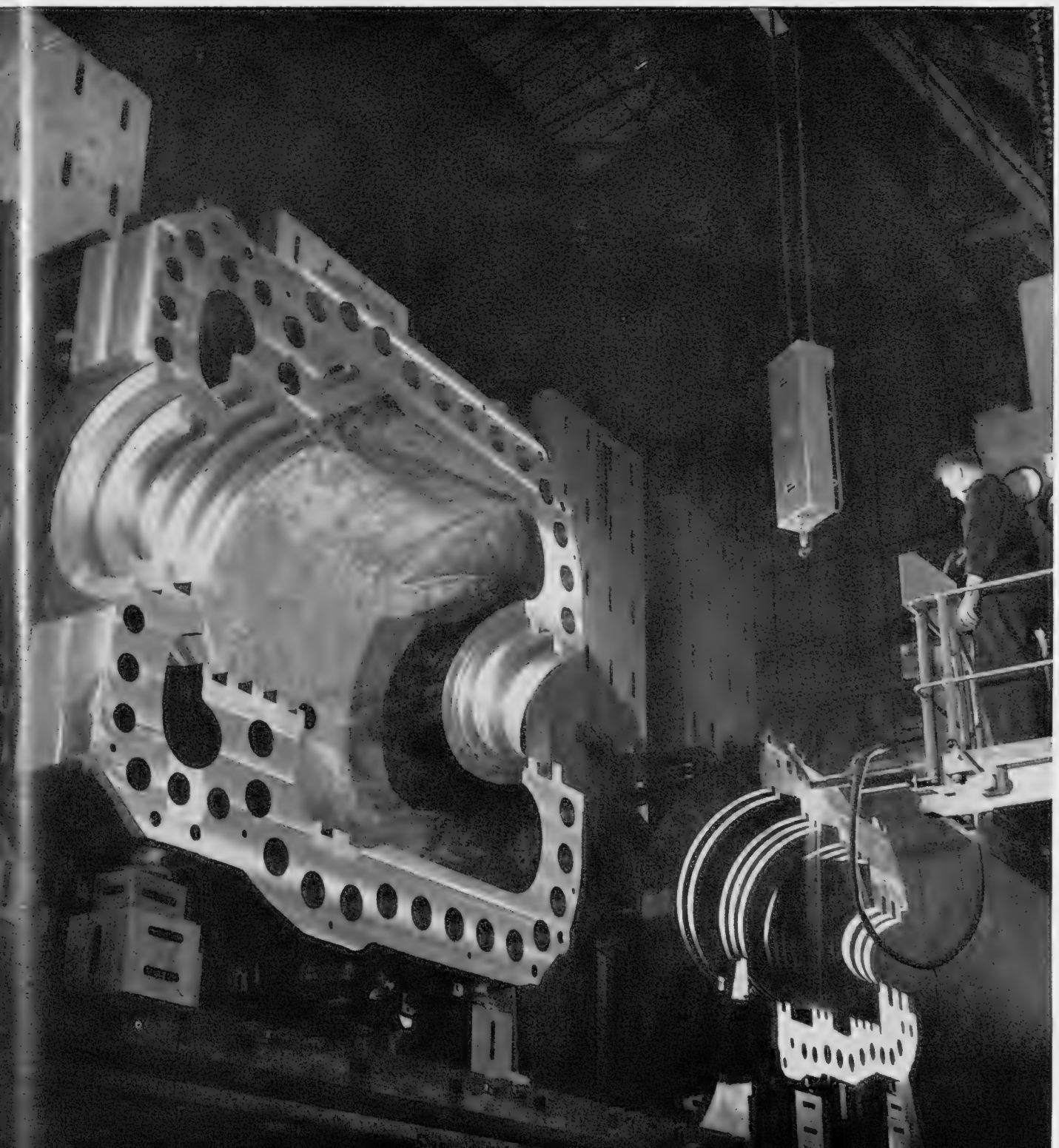
The company is expanding in the field of computers and data processing. (Their data processing business and that of J. Lyons are shortly to be merged.) Last year, English Electric began deliveries of its second generation processing system the KDP 10 and introduced the KDF 9—a very high speed computer. In all, in 1962, the group exported a quarter of its production overseas.



mbled at Kidsgrove



The compressor stator blading of a gas turbine under construction at Whetstone for the petroleum industry



A draw-out type chassis for a multi-motor control centre, another product from the Kidsgrove works

Left: Casings for large steam turbines set up on a ram borer at the Rugby works

Below: A torsion fatigue test unit built by graduates as a group training project

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

TV CONTRACTORS

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

One of the most storm-tossed sectors of the Stock Market just now is that of the television contractors, i.e. the companies which actually create and broadcast commercial television programmes. On four occasions recently they have been the subject of official pronouncements and each time share prices have fluctuated erratically as the market tried to assess the implications for TV's future.

First there was the Pilkington report itself which, in looking to the future of both the BBC and independent television after their contracts expire next year, was bitterly critical of the commercial companies. Then, after a decent interval had elapsed, came the Government White Paper saying among other things that while there would be a second channel for BBC, there would as yet be no further channels for the commercial companies. This was followed by a second Government paper which proposed a special television companies' tax based on profits (to be paid in addition to the normal 53 per cent. company tax). Also suggested was a change in the present networking system by which broadly the small commercial companies buy programmes created by the big ones.

Latest but not necessarily last, the Government has changed its mind and proposed instead of the special profits tax, a sliding-scale levy to be based on the advertising revenue that TV contractors receive. This proposal has met with a frosty reception from the major contractors, who would prefer to be taxed on the profits they actually make than have to include in their costs a levy that is geared to the flow of advertising revenue. They are pressing the Chancellor to have third thoughts.

All this to-ing and fro-ing has naturally caused bewilderment in the Stock Market as brokers try to assess the future profitability of the TV contractors. It is already clear that the fat years of the television business (roughly 1959 to 1961) are coming to an end. With the virtual saturation of the market, the commercial companies have had less scope for winning new audiences. Competition from the BBC has increased sharply over the past year, reducing in some cases the commercial companies' audiences and therefore their advertising appeal. In particular, they have been hit because, while costs continue to rise, advertising revenue, being geared to the economy generally, has remained stagnant.

So already the Stock Market has been taking a fairly sober view of the likely profitability of the TV contractors even during their last two years under the present system. But of course the crux of the matter is the likely profitability after 1964. And because the Stock Market has so little to go on and always hates uncertainty, the price of TV contractors' shares are very depressed.

Yet four points stand out about the period after 1964. First, the simple fact that the Government is keeping the present TV contractors in being. Second, the Government is determined by some formula or other to keep the profits of the TV contractors with the big monopoly concessions on a tight rein. Third, the corollary of this, the smaller contractors are to be given a fair crack of the whip; and fourth, whatever the ups and downs of their TV business, all the major companies are making sure of some form of income from other sources. They are busy diversifying into everything from bowling alleys and background music systems to motorway cafés and property development.

In short, this is no time for those who have seen their TV shares falling to sell—prices are unlikely to go much below their recent low points—while courageous investors, who reckon that the market has over-estimated the risks ahead, could find themselves with potential recovery stocks.

Of the four major TV contractors—Associated Rediffusion (London weekday programmes), Associated Television (Midlands weekdays ; London weekends), ABC (Midlands and North weekends), and Granada (Northern weekdays)—two can only be invested in indirectly. Associated Rediffusion can be bought only by way of its principal shareholders British Electric Traction and Rediffusion, and ABC is a subsidiary (accounting for about half the profits) of Associated British Picture Corporation. This leaves Associated Television and Granada Group, and Granada, because of its spread of interests, is perhaps the more attractive. Granada "A" shares at around 24s. give a handsome yield of nearly nine per cent.

But perhaps even more interesting at their present depressed prices are two of the smaller publicly quoted local TV contractors: Television for South Wales and the West of England and Tyne Tees Television. It is true that their profits are falling and that before recovery sets in, dividend cuts could be on the way. But against this, they stand to be least affected by whatever tax formula the Government finally decides to impose on commercial TV. In fact, under the "advertising levy" system, both TWW and TTT would be virtually unaffected at their present profit level.

Yet the Stock Market has lowered the prices of TWW and TTT shares to a point where they yield nearly 15 per cent. and over 11 per cent. respectively. This surely is taking too gloomy a view of their prospects and either of them could prove a rewarding buy for the brave.

GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

Victor Lanson, head of the Champagne house in Reims, is also a director of Percy Fox Ltd., his London agents, in whose offices I had the pleasure of sitting next to him at lunch recently. He is not only full of charm but a most stimulating conversationalist, who will discuss with great vivacity and much original thought any subject one cares to choose. Inevitably, we got round to talking about champagne. M. Lanson assured me that, although supplies of the last vintage, 1955, are getting scarce, his firm has no intention of shipping the next, the 1959, just yet. It is an exceptional vintage but we cannot expect to sample it over here for another year. It was disgorged in 1961 and needs three years' rest in the cellars after that, so it will probably be shipped early in 1964 and reach the market about three months after it has been landed.

As one might expect on such an occasion, the directors of Percy Fox Ltd. treated us to a most interesting series of wine with this lunch. The Lanson Black Label made a perfect, invigorating aperitif. Our first wine with lunch, to accompany some fine bouchées of seafood, was Sancerre Clos de la Poussie, 1960, bottled in France. This wine, which has only recently become well known in this country, after having become the fashionable white wine in the smartest Paris restaurants, comes from the middle reaches of the Loire. Sancerre is a few miles down the river from Pouilly (famous for its "fume") on the opposite bank. Its wine has a different character of its own. Made of the Sauvignon grape, it is slightly more full than the Pouilly, but it is better drunk younger. This particular example had a most appealing bouquet. It was fresh and flinty dry, with very little residual sweetness but plenty of body and

A corner of the newly-opened Chanticleer restaurant in Roebuck House, Victoria, London. The restaurant is specialising in classic English cooking, with roast beef, for instance, daily on the menu

fruit. I was told that it owes its fine quality to the saucer-like situation of the vineyard in the vicinity of the village of Bué.

With the main course, roast chicken, we had a most impressive Chambertin 1957. This was a great, beautiful wine, although certainly not fully developed, and one of my hosts suggested that it will be even more enjoyable in 1965. Only the best wines of the Côte-d'Or go on improving for such a length of time. In addition the 1957 vintage was a particularly slow developing one, in comparison with the 1955, for example. M. Thorin, who shipped this wine, described 1957 "more of a tannin than sugar" vintage which puts it in a nutshell. The third wine with our lunch was Rudesheimer Berg Zollhaus Spaetlese Cabinet 1959 (estate bottled), which was remarkable for its outstanding balance and harmony. It also showed the satisfying lusciousness of the best Rieslings. While 1959 has been acclaimed a wondrous year for German wines, this has not been the case by any means with all of them. In the Palatinate, for example, there was too much sugar in the grapes and not enough acidity. It was only in the vineyards planted with Riesling in the Rheingau that such perfectly balanced wines have been achieved. The wine we drank was an outstanding example of this type.

I went to the opening of a pair of magnificent new restaurants: The Bristol and The Chanticleer, two luxury establishments housed in the same building, Roebuck House. This is one of the new blocks near Victoria Street, part of the new building development consisting of several tall edifices. They are intended to cater for the best type of clientele, each in their own way. The Bristol is named after the colourful 4th Earl, who was a gourmet and travelled a lot on the Continent, where many hotels were named after him. It is tastefully decorated in a restrained, restful traditional style suggesting luxury and comfort, and is intended to become a shrine of French haute cuisine, at a high level.

In contrast, The Chanticleer (the name has its origin in Chaucer) is to specialise in English food at its best, with roast beef daily on the menu. It boasts a wonderful open terrace, which should be a joy in summer weather, overlooking a piazza where fountains play.

It would not be fair to form an opinion on the quality of the cuisine from the inaugural lunch. I can merely quote Mr. Victor Goodhew, M.P., one of the directors, who declared at the opening that he aims very high.

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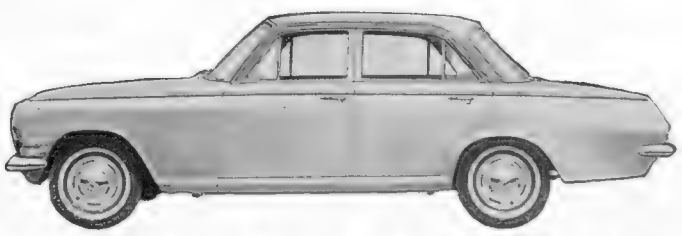

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MOTORING

RACING THE YEAR ROUND

And a new Mercedes announced at Geneva

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

Stirling Moss returns to motor racing this weekend. Not, unfortunately, as a driver, but as pit manager for a Mini-Cooper entry (by B.M.C.'s Philadelphia distributors) in the classic 12-hour race for sports and *gran turismo* cars at Sebring, Florida. I nearly said this event sees the start of the new motor racing season, but that is not strictly true. With the world championship programme drawn out to Christmas, and a crowded racing programme in Australia and New Zealand in January and February, there is no longer a true " close season " in motor sport.

This may be a good thing, financially, for the top-rank drivers; but, as Mr. Raymond Mays remarked to me at the Ferodo Trophy presentation to Sir Alfred Owen, the non-stop, all-the-year-round racing programme denies team managers and chief engineers the breathing space they used to find so valuable in the winter months.

In Britain, the sport got off to a gentle start last weekend with club meetings at Oulton Park (Cheshire) and Snetterton (Norfolk) and on Saturday of next week (March 30) the season's first international Formula One race will be staged at Snetterton, with B.R.M. and Lotus works teams among the entries. The 2·7-mile airfield circuit at Snetterton is now owned by Grovewood Securities, who also run Brand's Hatch (Kent) and Mallory Park through a subsidiary—Brand's Hatch Circuit, Ltd.—which has the Earl of Gainsborough as chairman and Messrs. John Hall and John Webb as chief executives.

New cars announced at the Geneva Motor Show, which continues until this weekend, included a Mercedes-Benz sports car, a restyled Opel Rekord (with choice of 1·5 or 1·7 litres), the front-wheel-drive, V-engined Lancia Fulvia, an estate car version of the Fiat 1100 and a 1½-litre Simca which will also be available in 1·3-litre form. I referred last week to two new British models " unveiled " on the eve of the Geneva show: an improved Sunbeam Alpine and the Ford Cortina estate car.

The new Mercedes-Benz model—the 230 SL—is a comfortable, well-equipped sports two-seater whose 6-cylinder, fuel-injection, 2·3-litre engine (a development of the 220 SE unit) gives a top speed of 124 m.p.h. and 84 in third gear. It was with their 220 SE saloon that Daimler-Benz won the European rally championship last year. In this model fuel is injected into the inlet manifold. In the new sports car it is squirted directly into the inlet ports. The engine develops 170 brake horse-power at 5,600 r.p.m. The 230 SL is offered as a roadster, with a hood which folds away neatly; as a hard-top coupé; or as a combination of both. It has a 38 per cent. bigger window area than the 190 SL model it replaces. The new Mercedes has independent rear springing, Girling disc brakes and, in the hard-top model, a roof lining which " breathes " to allow stale air to escape through slots above the rear window.

The bad weather since Christmas has seriously delayed road building work in Britain, but there has been heartening news about the motorway programme. For instance, Vice-Admiral J. Hughes-Hallett, Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Transport Ministry, has re-affirmed the Government's aim to build 1,000 miles of motorway by the early 1970's. And Lord Chesham, the other J.P.S., has declared that in addition to the 200 miles of motorway now in use in Britain 143 miles are under construction (with the expectation that 93 of them will be open later this year).

The Slough by-pass—part of M4, the London-South Wales motorway—will be open before long and work on the elevated section of this same motorway (above the Great West Road from Chiswick towards London Airport) is now in full swing again following the thaw. Four-fifths of the first 26 miles of M2—the Medway motorway—had been completed before the snow came.

Mr. Ernest Marples has invited tenders for another 12½ miles of M1 from Markfield (Leicestershire) northwards to the River Trent, this being an addition to the 26½ miles of new motorway now taking shape between Crick (Northants) and Markfield. The line of the Lancaster-Penrith motorway (on M6 and by-passing Shap) will be finalised soon and the route of the £45,000,000, 50-mile-long Lancashire-Yorkshire motorway across the Pennines (M62) is now being surveyed. It will run from Manchester and join M1 south of Leeds.

The Ferodo Trophy, to which I referred earlier in these notes, was richly deserved by Sir Alfred Owen. He was awarded this handsome gold trophy, by a panel headed by Earl Howe, for the success achieved by his B.R.M. racing cars in winning the world constructors' championship last year and in providing the car in which Graham Hill became the world's champion driver. It was the first all-British car to bring either honour to Britain and the award of the Trophy to Sir Alfred (head of the Owen Organisation, of which he is a major shareholder, with his brother Ernest and his sister, Mrs. Jean Stanley), is a recognition of the patient perseverence with which he developed a racing car that took a long time to get going.

The Ferodo Trophy, **left**, was awarded for 1962 to Sir Alfred Owen, as head of the Owen Organisation which successfully developed the B.R.M. into the first all-British car to win the world constructors' championship and provided the car in which Graham Hill, **above**, became the 1962 Formula One World Champion

It was a moment for nostalgia when, at the Dorchester presentation ceremony, the State trumpeters of the Royal Horse Guards sounded a fanfare and curtains were drawn back to reveal two shining B.R.M.'s: a sleek, 1½-litre, V-8, 1962 model, with Graham Hill sitting in it; and one of the 1950, supercharged, V-16 versions with Raymond Mays (now B.R.M. racing director) at the wheel. By the side of the cars stood Peter Berthon (B.R.M. designer), and Tony Rudd (chief engineer). Fifty-five-year-old Sir Alfred is the tenth recipient of a trophy which has acquired a high prestige value. Previous winners were Sir William Lyons, Mr. Tony Vandervell (three times), Connaught Engineering, Mr. Colin Chapman (Lotus), Dunlop and Mr. Rob Walker.

Briefly. . . . The Motor Agents' Association has just celebrated its Golden Jubilee with a Guildhall banquet and a two-day conference at the London Festival Hall. . . . Magnatex have announced a new range of curved, stainless " Tex " wiper blades using neoprene synthetic rubber, which, it is claimed, gives long life and silent operation. . . . Just out: a new Ekco, all-transistor car radio with press-button tuning. Price 24½ guineas. . . . Lord Strathcarron has written a fascinating book which is called *Motoring for Pleasure* (Stanley Paul. 21s.). It is part reminiscence, part guidance. The author's enthusiasm for motoring shines from every page. . . .

Road casualties were down 2 per cent. last year in spite of an estimated 4 per cent. increase in motor vehicle traffic. Deaths dropped to 6,709, compared with 6,908 in 1961. . . . Dispatch Motor Company, Ford main dealers in London since 1915, held a motor racing party at their Southwark Bridge Road showrooms to celebrate the launching of the high-performance Lotus version of the Ford Cortina. . . . Mr. John Alden has been appointed chief engineer to Vauxhall Motors in place of Mr. Maurice Platt, who becomes director of engineering until his retirement in August. . . . Croydon Corporation have ordered a second multi-storey car park using Bison Precast concrete construction. It will cost £400,000 and have room for 870 cars.

The new Mercedes-Benz 230 SL is a sports two-seater, with a 6-cylinder, fuel-injection, 2·3-litre engine

More photographs on page 452)

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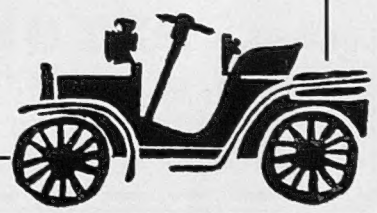

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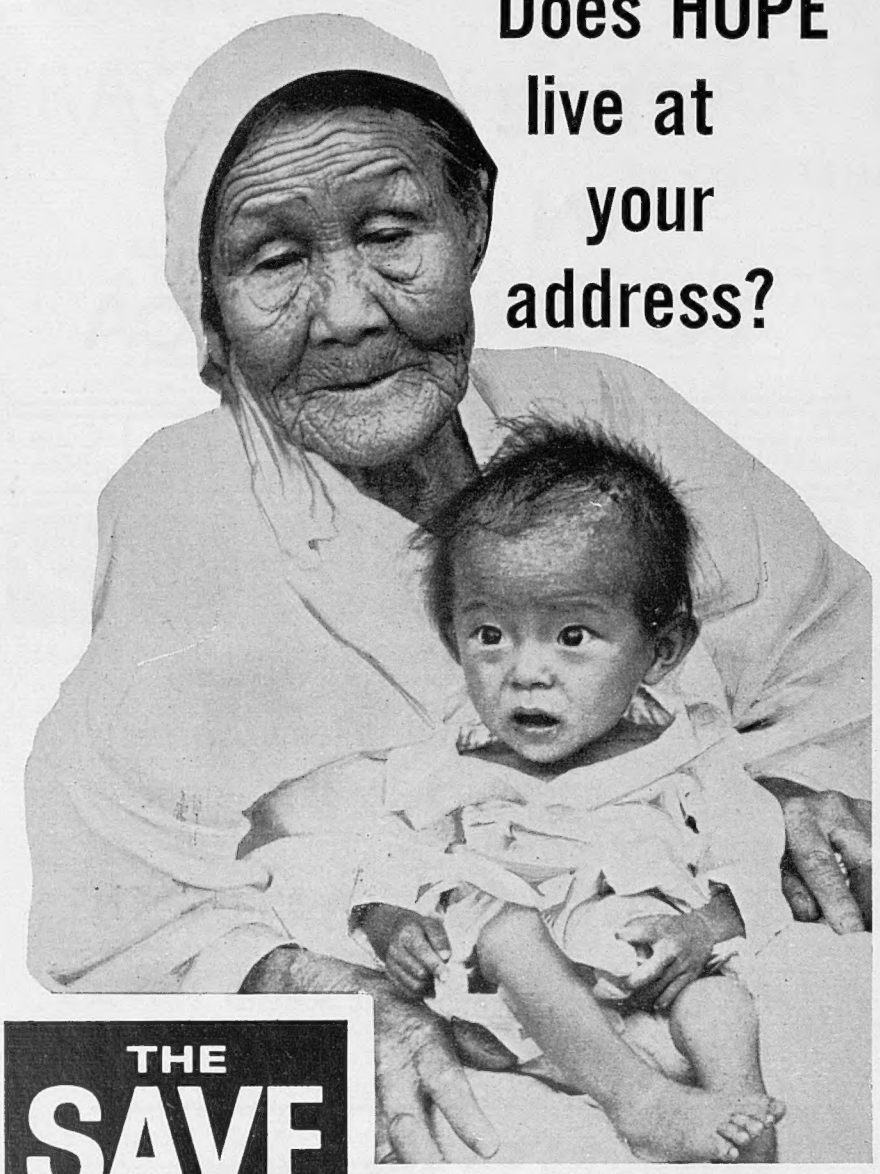

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SP.12

MOTORING—(*Continued from page 450*)

The new Simca 1·5-litre saloon during a road test

The re-styled Opel Rekord two-door saloon, with either a 1·5- or 1·7-litre engine

Stirling Moss arrives in an Ogle SX1000 sports saloon at a reception in London to announce he had joined David Ogle Associates Ltd., as an associate director

Nicknamed the "Double Dandy," this high-speed Mini-Minor has been specially rebuilt by a London garage owner, Mr. Paul Emery, with engines at both front and back

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

FORE! A golfer's warning which has been numbed into silence during a winter, the like of which, we hope, will not be repeated in our lifetime.

The majority of country and seaside hotels list golf as one of their amenities but, unless qualified, it is a nebulous term and in some cases golf is only a side-line.

This week I am concentrating on personally recommending those hotels which either have a golf course in the hotel grounds or practically adjoining, and consequently are tuned in for golfers' requirements, such as elasticity of meal times and facilities for drying clothes.

First come the large hotels where golf may be one of the major attractions of Conference get-togethers.

British Transport Hotels hold a strong suit in this respect. *Gleneagles Hotel, Turnberry Hotel,* and the *Dornoch Hotel* in Scotland need no introduction. For smaller sized gatherings, note their *Manor House Hotel,* near Moreton Hampstead in Devon, with its 18 hole golf course in the grounds; while the 9 hole pitch and putt course at *Tregenna Castle Hotel,* St. Ives, affords good practice before setting out for play on the Lelant course.

Six miles outside Bournemouth—with its full programme of winter and summer entertainment—stands the *Dormy Hotel* at Ferndown. We find it difficult to curb our enthusiasm for this pleasantly located hotel on the Ferndown-Bournemouth road, half a mile off the A31, for we cannot fault it in appointments, appearance or amenities. The hotel is under the personal direction of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Beck, whom we admire for the success they made of *Whately Hall Hotel,* Banbury, and many are the improvements they have made since they took over the *Dormy.* Set back from the road in seven acres of unusually well-kept grounds, every aspect from the *Dormy Hotel* is pleasing. From many bedrooms and the restaurant the view embraces a fairway of the Ferndown Championship Golf Course, the latter providing an elegant setting for the true enjoyment of all that is best in food and wine.

Golf is very much a part of the daily picture from a seaward bedroom at those excellent hotels of the Eglinton group in Scotland: *The Marine,* North Berwick, and the *Golf View Hotel,* Nairn, both admirable holiday hotels for covering the varied interests of a family.

With golf as the national game of Scotland one does not have to travel far to find the fluttering flags of the greens. Here then is my list of other Scottish hotels where golfers forgather:

Edinburgh—*Braid Hills Hotel,* on the outskirts of the city, close by Braid Hills course, with 20 other golf courses within a radius of 20 miles.

Grantown-on-Spey—*Grant Arms Hotel,* long established and very well managed. This hotel (from April to mid-October) attracts fishermen and golfers, for both the river Spey and the 18 hole course are within pleasant walking distance of the hotel.

Gullane, East Lothian—*Greywalls.* Few hotels can be so architecturally perfect. Few hotels are so well positioned from a golfer's angle. It faces the famed Muirfield Links, and Gullane and North Berwick clubs are next door neighbours.

Lundin Links—*Lundin Links Hotel.* A few hundred yards from both the ladies' and men's courses, and but 12 miles from St. Andrews. An excellent example of a small seaside family hotel where all ages can play ball, be it golf, beach ball games or table tennis.

Nairn—Apart from *Golf View Hotel,* note the *Newton Hotel,* an example of country house munificence. In 25 acres of grounds and adjoining the golf course. Much of one's holiday is centered on treading the red carpets of the hotel, the green velvet of the links, or the sands of the Moray shore.

Pitlochry—*Atholl Palace Hotel.* For a self-contained family holiday, with a 9 hole approach golf course in the grounds and a good 18 hole course in the neighbourhood, this hotel should be well considered.

St. Andrews—*Rufflets.* True, this hotel is 1½ miles outside the town, but to many people's way of thinking it is the best of the bunch in and around this University and holiday town, where curiously enough only 15 per cent. of visitors are golf addicts!

Spittal of Glenshee, Perthshire—*Dalmunzie House Hotel.* An all-purpose, all-season holiday hotel where Denis Winton, Dalmunzie's kilted laird sees to it that everybody has the holiday of his life. Golf is *not* a major pursuit here, but it is included in my list because Mr. Winton himself supervises an indoor golf school with practice available on the small course set in the surrounding moorland.

Troon—*Marine Hotel.* Golf is a paramount pursuit here with the championship Old Troon Course being the only barrier between the hotel and the sandy beach. A first-class hotel with a surprisingly good contemporary layout and patronised throughout the year by honeymooners and industrialists. With Prestwick Airport only three miles distant, it is not uncommon for a London golfing foursome to fly up to the *Marine Hotel* for the weekend.

The above does not exhaust the list of Scottish hotels where golfers are catered for. There are others of which we have no recent knowledge, as for example *The Bruce Hotel* at Carnoustie, and the hotels at Brora, north of Dornoch, but I hope I have catered for all types of golfers—" Tigers " and " Rabbits "—and for varying ages.

With my space running out I will confine myself to Wales. Alas! Good hotels are not as numerous as one would like them, and do not often marry up with good golf. In alphabetical order, here are some suggestions that do:

Aberdovey—*TreFeddian Hotel.* The 18 hole golf links are in full view of the hotel. A good base for all golfers who shun popular seaside resorts, with plenty to occupy other members of the family.

Llandudno—*St. George's Hotel.* For those who enjoy their golf, plus the attractions of a seaside resort, this well-known 104-bedroom hotel can be recommended. An added inducement is that the hotel management has a limited number of free vouchers for the local course.

Llandudno—*Gogarth Abbey Hotel.* On the west shore—the quieter end of the town—this well-appointed hotel has six 18 hole courses within easy reach. Open throughout the year, and with central heating in all the public rooms, *Gogarth Abbey* makes an excellent winter retreat.

Nr. ABINGDON, Berks.
BURCOTE-ON-THAMES. RIVERSIDE HOTEL
Peaceful relaxation in comfortable surroundings with good food and wines. Cocktail Bar. Tennis, fishing, croquet, table tennis. Close Oxford. Write Miles Humbert. Tel.: Clifton Hampden 232.

BANTRY BAY, Co. Cork. BALLYLICKEY HOUSE
Luxury country hotel in parkland and ornamental gardens facing the sea. Own sea-trout fishing. Sailing. Private bathrooms. French chef. Write G. Graves.

BOURNEMOUTH. ARNCOTT HALL HOTEL
This 45-bedroomed family-run hotel has a friendly welcome for holiday makers and tourists alike. Lift. Tel.: Westbourne 63050.

BOURNEMOUTH, HANTS
HEATHLANDS HOTEL
EAST CLIFF
In the top flight of good family hotels with every comfort for every age. Varied, interesting menus. Large car park.
Brochure from S. P. Sindall, Resident Director. Tel.: 23336.

CHELTENHAM, Glos. ELLENBOROUGH HOTEL
Centrally yet quietly situated and appealing to all who appreciate their creature comforts in a friendly and efficient environment. Licensed. Tel.: 2571.

FOLKESTONE, KENT. PRINCES HOTEL
Seventy bedrooms, many with private bathrooms. Sheltered and centrally situated for cross-Channel stop, holiday or residence. Fully licensed. Tel.: 52850.

HYTHE, KENT
HOTEL IMPERIAL
Here is a self-contained holiday resort with own golf course, tennis, ballroom, billiards and children's playground. Sea-front position with suites and private, bathrooms. Excellent cuisine and service. Lift. Cocktail bar. Tel. 67441.

LLANDUDNO, N. Wales. ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL
Always first on the sea front for modern comfort, cuisine, service and entertainment. Cocktail Bar. Ballroom. Free Golf. Tel.: 77544.

MALVERN, WORCS. MONTROSE HOTEL
Quiet, homely, honest fare. Amidst exhilarating air, unspoilt scenery and beautiful touring country. Write resident owner, A. H. Street. Tel.: 335.

MULLION, S. CORNWALL. POLURRIAN HOTEL
(associated with Hotel Bristol, Newquay). Perfectly situated overlooking sandy beach and designed for holiday pleasure. Tennis, Dancing. Fully Licensed. Tel.: 421.

RAVENSCAR, Nr. Scarborough. RAVEN HALL
A self-contained, fully-licensed holiday hotel. Terms from 45s. a day cover use of hotel swimming-pool, Golf, Putting, Tennis, Bowls, Billiards, Dancing (Orchestra), Cinema, TV. Tel.: Cloughton 233.

ST. MAWES, S. CORNWALL. HOTEL TRESANTON
Small and first class in a sub-tropical garden setting overlooking sea. Impeccable food and service. Delightful Club Bar. Tel.: 322.

SALCOMBE, South Devon. TIDES REACH HOTEL
* * * Rosette on the crest of the wave for outstanding food and wine. Private baths and balconies. Safe bathing, boating, fishing. Adults only. Inclusive daily terms from 54/-. Tel.: 2888

SIDMOUTH, Devon. THE BELMONT
A first-class hotel with fine sea-front position and reputation for catering, elegant comfort and service. Private Baths and Suites. Lift. Fully Licensed. Tel.: 1555.

STORRINGTON, SUSSEX. ABINGWORTH HALL
Cdr. and Mrs. Ellsworth run this delightful country house in a beautiful garden. Close golf, Downs, sea. Tennis court. Tel.: West Chiltington 2257.

TROON, SCOTLAND. THE MARINE HOTEL
Overlooking two Golf Courses and without equal on the West Coast of Scotland. Luxurious suites. Private baths. Superb cuisine. Illustrated brochure available on request. Tel.: Troon 980.

GRAND SLAM

Often dreamed about, rarely experienced by Bridge, Euchre and Whist players. A reminder, however, that the Torquay Bridge Congress will be held on April 4-5-6 and 7 next and both competitors and onlookers will find the

GRAND HOTEL TORQUAY

holds a four-ace hand in relationship to accommodation, cuisine and service. Always a good address, whatever the occasion. Tel.: 25234.

Perfectly matched Perfectly balanced

BC132

The picture shows a pair of flintlock duelling pistols by Westley Richards of London, *circa* 1815. The pistols are fully silver mounted, inlaid with gold, and have gold-lined flashpans. They are a perfect pair—finely matched and balanced, in weight as well as in size, despite the fact that each pistol weighs almost two and a half pounds.

Bristol cigarettes have Tip/Tobacco Balance—the experts' term for the way the tobacco and tip match each other precisely. Tip/Tobacco Balance actually *improves the flavour* to give more smoking enjoyment than other tipped cigarettes. It took seven years to perfect, and now Bristol has it—the perfect balance of tip and tobacco. 3/10 for 20.

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